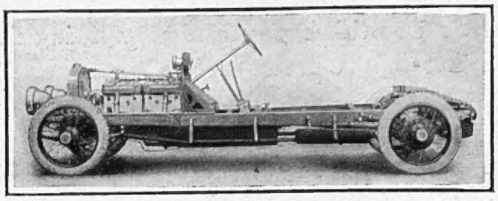

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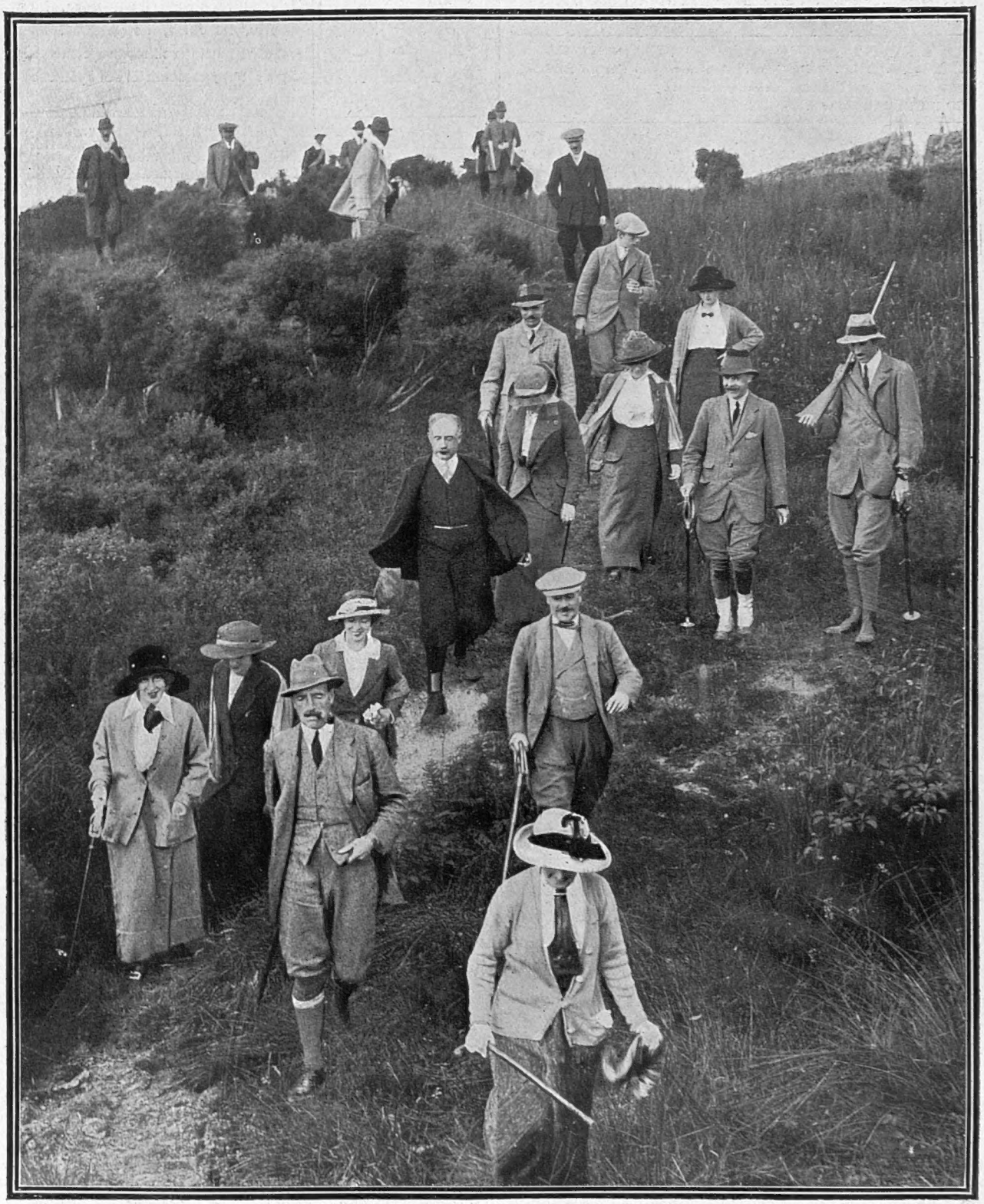

Photograph *Sport and General*

WALKING TO THE BUTTS AT COVE, DUMBARTON

The photograph reproduced above was taken at Lord Inverclyde's shoot, and is typical of many a scene this month in Scotland and the North of England. In the foreground of the picture is Miss Lockwood, one of Lord Inverclyde's guests, and directly behind her is Lord Inverclyde, followed by Lady Inverclyde (on left)

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

ON VARIOUS TOPICS

OF THE TIMES

"The World's mine oyster
Which I with PEN will open"
—PISTOL *(modified)*

Moral Support

At the time of writing, five out of the hundred thousand pounds needed—or, I should say, asked—for the Olympic Games Fund have been subscribed. Material support has been given by the usual benevolent rich, and moral support has come in the shape of a letter from H.M. the King. At a respectful distance behind His Majesty, we beg to add our own (moral) support. We would like to have done more, but the necessity of putting up shortly a new *façade* to our palatial offices compels us to retrench a little just at present.

* * *

Nothing Doing

At home, politics have vanished to the further side of silence, and there is nothing political going on abroad except the Turks at Adrianople, who seem to be stopping still. But for the papers there would be nothing to talk about, not even Winston. Is it the calm before the storm?

* * *

Jack Johnson Again

It seems impossible to do good in England without a little hypocrisy. For many years there has been a strong public sentiment against the exploitation of notoriety on the music-halls. People who have distinguished themselves for acts of bravery have been brought before the footlights at one time, persons who have figured in criminal trials at another. Letters of protest have appeared from members of the "profession." But nothing happened to curb the tendency of managements to exploit sensation whenever opportunity arose until the case of Jack Johnson, about whom it is possible to be hypocritical. Jack is objected to because he is alleged to have been involved in the American variety of what is known as the White Slave Traffic. Hardly anybody in England knows what is meant by that even in English law, let alone American. But though Johnson's alleged offence is against a section of the State law of Illinois which is especially directed against the negro race, it does not matter. That magic phrase, "White Slave Traffic," has been used against him, and that is enough once for all to arouse sentiment more determined than if he had been an escaped or acquitted murderer. Of course, we do not complain. We only note these things in passing.

Three dined mice
See how they've run,
Away from "quod" to Trouville-sur-Mer,
Eating their food and taking the air,
Telling McKenna to go over there
For his three dined mice

MISS KENNEY, MRS. PANKHURST, AND MISS CHRISTABEL PANKHURST
At Trouville, where they seem to be free from the operation of the Cat and Mouse Act

The Chesterfield Lesson

Can it possibly be that there is, after all, some hitch in the appointment of Sir Rufus to the Chiefship? Surely public opinion cannot by any chance have weighed with Mr. Asquith? I do not think so. Sir Rufus will get his seat on the Bench right enough, but just a little later than was expected. It is only a matter of a few months. Already the Marconi scandal, thanks to the ineptitude with which it has been handled by the official Opposition, is a thing of the past. Chesterfield proves that to the working-class democracy it might never have been. And in that connection let me warn my Conservative friends not to delude themselves that they are in for any such good luck as a definite split in the Liberal-Labour ranks. Chesterfield was a trial of what Labour can do without Liberal aid, and the result was five hundred to the "independent" and nearly eight thousand to the hack. Rest assured that Mr. Ramsay Macdonald will learn the lesson and come into line. Liberalism has won at Chesterfield, and, thanks to chaotic Conservative leadership and utter failure to produce any other programme than a sequence of "nay nays," it is now not unlikely to win all over the country.

* * *

The Law v. Mammon—and Mrs. Pankhurst

In other days we should all have been chortling hugely at the escape of Mr. Harry K. Thaw, and would have held up to ridicule the state of a kindred

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

Newspaper Namby-Pambiness

country whose law Mammon can set so freely at defiance. The same week as Thaw escaped, however, so did Mrs. Pankhurst. That individual, under sentence for a felony, is at present resting with *le monde* at Trouville, and announces her intention of returning to England at her own time as though she were a Society leader or a Cabinet Minister. No, much as we should have loved to have our gibe at the ease with which American law can be set at naught, discretion forbids. If in America one can break penal bounds by possessing wealth, in England, to do the same, one merely needs to refuse food.

***

Vanished Traditions

Has newspaper competition in foreign news vanished with other Press traditions of the past? Otherwise how comes it that the *Daily Telegraph* alone is able to publish such amazing revelations as the three-column official account of the Bulgarian atrocities at Adrianople? The halfpenny Press left the topic untouched. On what principle? Public interest may be dead in some directions, but I should have thought there was always an appetite for hot atrocities. Nicey-nicey namby-pambiness, however, still guides the gilded quill of popular Pressdom.

***

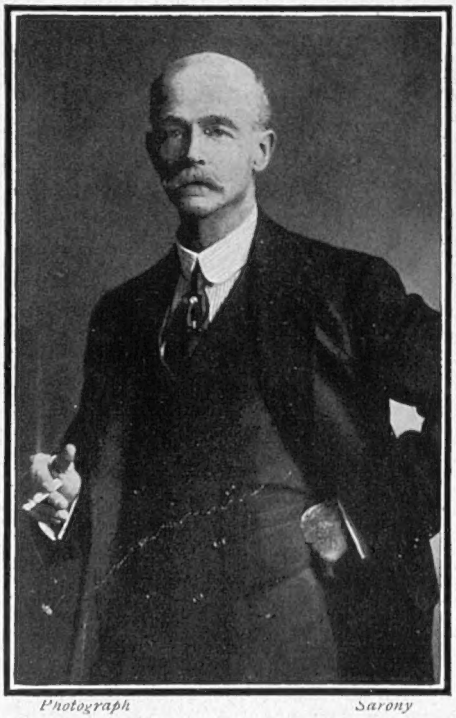
Wireless Patriotism

The chairman of the Marconi Company was infinitely amazed at the Company's meeting two or three days ago about the "ruthless attack" that, according to him, had been made on the Company, and seriously shocked at the "low ebb" which had been reached by the spirit of fair play—he was not referring, as one might think, to the conduct of the Attorney-General or the Chancellor of the Exchequer. But what aroused his most pained and reiterated comment was the imperilling in all this of "a British industry"—*i.e.*, Marconi's Wireless Telegraph Company, Limited. As I have said before, I quite sympathise with the chairman about the obloquy that has fallen on his patronymic. But it is surely rather a mistake to describe as attacks on the Company what were really strictures on some of those concerned with it, and it is another error of judgment, I can't help thinking, to dwell so persistently on the all-British character of the enterprise controlled by Commendatore Guglielmo Marconi and Mr. Godfrey Isaacs.

Photograph *Bassano*

MISS EMMELINE AUGUSTA DE RUTZEN

Daughter of Sir Albert and Lady de Rutzen, whose engagement to Sir Frank Newnes, Bart., is announced. The bride's father is the well-known Metropolitan Police Magistrate who retired recently, while her fiancé is a director of the famous publishing company founded by his father, the late Sir George Newnes



Photograph *Sarony*

THE HON. WALTER YARDE-BULLER

Uncle of Lord Churston, and formerly lieutenant in the 2nd Battalion of the Devonshire Regiment, was last week married to Alianore, Lady Lethbridge, whose portrait appears on another page of this issue

***

"We Are Not Amused"

One has only to say the word "peace" to produce a smile, which since the Balkan affair is liable to broaden into laughter, and so I'm afraid the opening of the new Palace of Peace at the Hague this week will not be quite the solemn thing some of its organisers believe or make out to believe they think it. Fortunately the ceremony is to be performed by Queen Wilhelmina, who has her sense of the humorous well under control and would certainly not dream of applying it in any way to a ceremony in which she herself takes a central figure.

***

A Star Turn

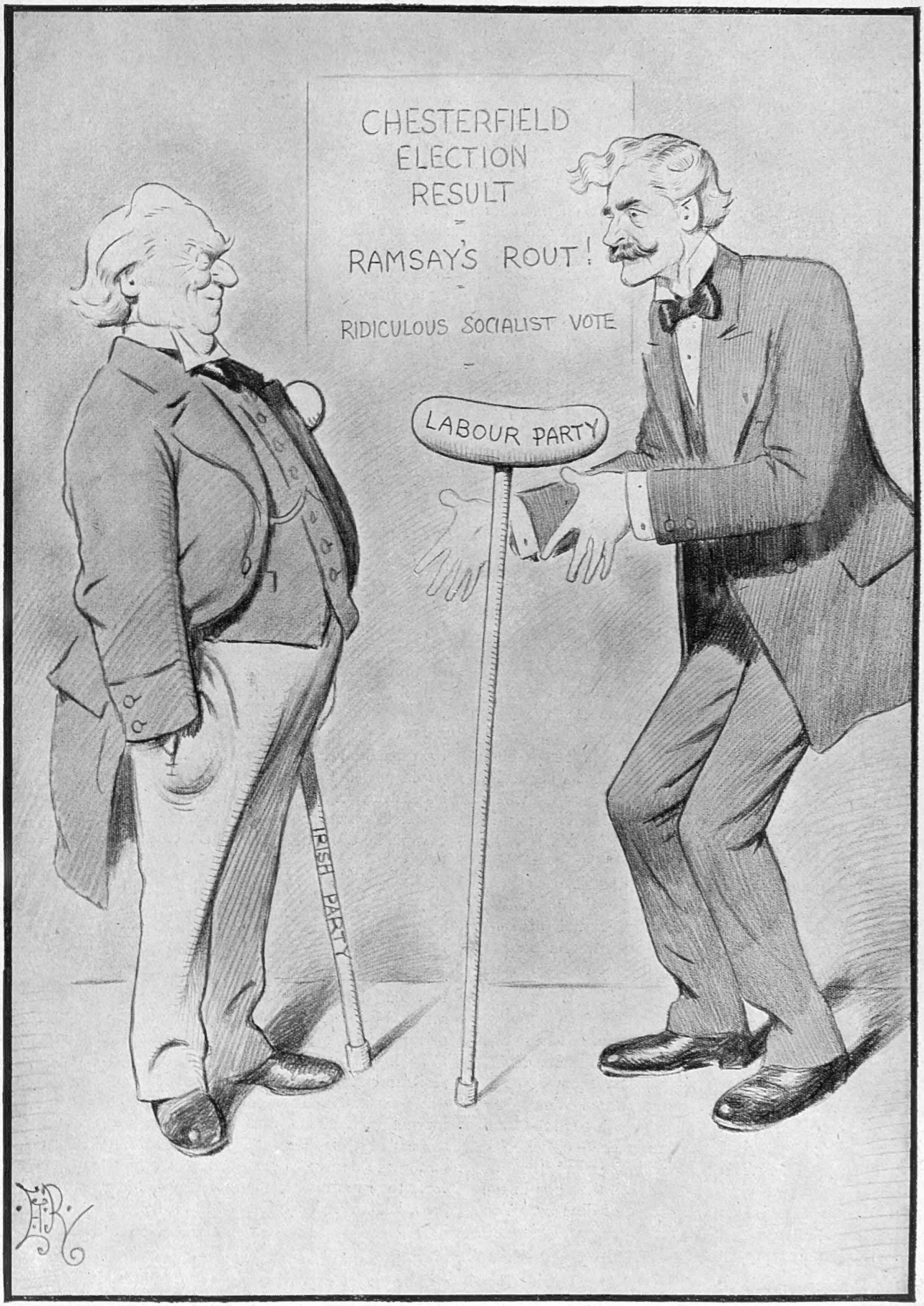
The Continent of America is even more lavish than England over star turns of all kinds, and Lord Haldane's visit to Montreal as the guest of the American Bar Association is being done "quite regardless" with a royal suite on board the *Lusitania* and other fixings calculated to enhance trans-atlantic respect for the venerable and historic office (see guide-books, etc.) which he holds. And the Lord Chancellor, on his part, seems to have risen to the occasion, with plenty of well-prepared interview copy to the journalists and a well-advertised "hustling" programme for his journey. Why not make it a lecturing tour through Canada and the United States?

***

On the Quiet

The Postmaster-General, who left on Friday, the day before Lord Haldane, had no such send-off, though he, too, is on a "mission," as the guest of the Dominion Government. But, of course, Mr. Samuel has had, I suppose, quite as much publicity as he wants lately.

The Futile Equilibrist



ASQUITH: "My de-ar Ramsay! What on earth are you trying to do? 'Make it stand alone?' What an idea! Kindly remember it's just one of my crutches, and, as such, extremely useful—(ahem!)—to me!"

BY E. T. REED

Have We the Press We Deserve?

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE BRITISH PUBLIC. By "DOWNWRITER"

[NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—*This correspondent must be clearly understood to be expressing his own opinions and not those of* THE BYSTANDER.]

MY DEAR BRITISH PUBLIC,—The supply of newspapers is at least as much a question of interest to you as is the supply of your gas, water, coals, light, or oil. Over it, however, you have no power of control or even of criticism, because an attack on the Press can only be delivered through the Press, which is hardly likely to print it. Sometimes there will come from within the Press itself a Daniel, or, I should say, a Donald to Judgment. The editor of a great newspaper, speaking *ex-officio*, may be found saying of his own profession what you, the public at large, have been thinking. Thrice blessed is such a man, and this week, such of the public as have been reading newspapers at all, will have read a report of a speech by Mr. Robert Donald, of the *Daily Chronicle*, in which that very able journalist put his finger on the spot.

Nine-tenths of the leading papers, says Mr. Donald, belong to limited companies with neither bodies to be kicked nor souls to be damned. The good old private owner has gone, and given way to corporations who care only for dividends, letting principle go to the dogs.

That what Mr. Donald says is true, nobody in journalism can deny. During the last ten or fifteen years journalism—save in one or two cases, of which THE BYSTANDER is obviously one—has practically ceased to exist of itself as a form of public service conducted in the public interest by men of public spirit. It has been brought in chains to the temple of Mammon. Business men with books of figures before them have called into their service persons of reputed talent, and have shown such persons the figures and bidden them, on pain of their existence, set to work to produce the class of goods which will yield them, through sales of copies and of advertising space, the profit which they have the right to expect. The hireling may, in one or two cases, be independent in his ideas—if he can prove them to pay: he can, if he likes, be original (if it sells): even heretical (if it doesn't offend the supposed reader and the known advertiser). Within the prescribed commercial limits the journalist is free, as, indeed, is any other type of servant. But he *is* a servant, not yours, my dear B.P., but of the limited company who employs him.

What are you going to do about it? Well, first, what is it that the Public wants? The news! Precisely. So you do. But not the news alone. Mr. Donald may be right in anticipating a future in which the happenings of the day will be laid on to the home like gas and water at all houses, through the tape-machine, the gramophone, the cinema, or whoever knows what else. The assumption, however, that the public is going to content itself with the news in the nude is a reflection on your sense of decency. You will continue to expect the record of your doings to be respectably wrapped up and attractively decorated.

It is nonsense, this talk of the public being too tired to read. The sales of books, cheap reprints, magazines of all sorts, and periodicals, alone testify to the fact that millions of brains are hungrier than ever for food. The cause of the supposed public indifference to what appears in newspapers is the public sense of the insincerity and pusillanimity of their producers, for which the public has principally to thank the restriction of the journalist by his proprietary. Business men, these proprietors do naturally regard a newspaper as primarily a commercial undertaking. They take expert advice from the "trade" as to the class and pattern of goods which are found to sell, and it is their aim to compete in existing markets rather than run the grave risk of attempting by methods of originality to exploit new ones.

Such attempts were formerly made—as in the case of the Harmsworth and other groups—by men of journalistic spirit, but those were days when the new reading democracy was largely virgin soil. To-day, every conceivable field has been exploited, and what the public gets is what the million are reputed to want. Whether this is what they really do want, who is to say?

One hears private people grumble vaguely about "the papers." The tendency to colour the news by political prejudice, to suppress or distort speeches of the other side, to give a ridiculous importance to sensations of the moment, to omit all reference to the progress of international crises, to "boom" a story one day and to bury its sequel the next, to be ever-ready to champion the existing order of things and to bolster up authority against all rebellion, right or wrong, these exhibitions of a prostitute Press are noticed right enough, but rarely does any hint of the fact reach the papers themselves save occasionally, *via* THE BYSTANDER. The silence of the public, and the fact that they continue to buy the papers, is construed as acquiescence in the policy pursued! It is but the acquiescence of the prisoner in his skilly. The public takes it because it can't get anything else.

Those who look, in the Press, for the independent judgment of critics who are themselves one of yourselves, members of the public, are compelled to look for it elsewhere than in the "successful" journals. Outspokenness is deprecated by Ownership, first because it is suspected to be likely to offend bodies of readers or advertisers, or the social, business, or political interests of the proprietary itself: next because it may involve risk of libel. To be served with a writ is, for the average modern editor, to be served with his professional death-warrant. It is an axiom of commercial journalism that no libel action, even if defended successfully, is financially worth risking. Every editor who desires to retain office is compelled, therefore, to suppress not only feelings, but positively *facts*, lest an action through them "lie."

Now and again a paper with an appearance of honesty will appear at a popular price. Before it will be two alternatives—success or failure. If it fails, it dies, and there's an end on't. If it succeeds it will—always assuming its name not to be THE BYSTANDER—probably become commercialised out of all its pristine independence,—Yours, as usual, DOWNWRITER

"Through the Heather, Come a' Thegither"

LORD INVERCLYDE'S SHOOTING-PARTY AT COVE, DUMBARTON

LUNCH ON THE MOOR

Included in the party are (reading from left to right): The Hon. Alan Burns, Lord Inverclyde, Major Scholfield, V.C., Mrs. Gray, the Hon. Emily Burns, Miss Palmer, Miss Lockwood, Lady Inverclyde, Mrs. Newton, the Hon. Muriel Burns, and (standing at the back) Mr. Douglas Newton and Mr. F. L. Hunter-Blair

Photographs *Sport and General*

CROSSING A DRY BURN ON THE WAY TO THE BUTTS

Last week Lord and Lady Inverclyde entertained a large party of friends at Hartfield, Cove, Dumbartonshire, for the grouse shooting, when, in spite of the general prophecies to the contrary, some excellent bags were obtained, and several enjoyable days spent on the moors

Women of the Moment

A HOSTESS, TWO BRIDES, AND—LADY WARWICK

Photograph *Val L'Estrange*

THE COUNTESS OF ANCASTER

Who is entertaining a large party for the grouse shooting at her Scottish residence, Drummond Castle, Crieff

Photograph] THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK [*Bassano*

Who, it is reported, is with her husband calling a meeting of their creditors in order to make arrangements for the liquidation of debts. Lady Warwick is well-known for her permanent beauty, her socialism, her lingerie shop in New Bond Street, and her "dairy" college in Warwickshire

Photograph] LADY LETHBRIDGE [*Sarony*

Who was married last week at the Chelsea Registry Office to the Hon. Walter Yarde-Buller, uncle of Lord Churston. Lady Lethbridge obtained a divorce from Sir Christopher Lethbridge in 1911

Photograph] PRINCESS INDIRA OF BARODA [*Keturah Collings*

Who has been staying at the Buckingham Palace Hotel awaiting the arrival from India of Prince Jitendra, brother of the Maharajah of Cooch Behar, to whom she was married in London yesterday, contrary to the wishes of her father, the Gaekwar of Baroda, who became so notorious at the Delhi Durbar of 1911

Who, What, and Where?

A FEW POLITE NOTES ABOUT PERSONALITIES

The Reason Why

THE reason is being generally asked why Mr. Lloyd George came out with such a burst at the end of the Session about the expenditure on armaments. I think the inquirers have forgotten who it is that is responsible for at least half—and that the more important half—of this department of finance. The earmarking for the Navy of money which might have been so much more profitably "invested"—apart from the personal side of the question—has never ceased to rankle.

***

Announcements

The other theme of this farewell heart-to-heart talk was the land inquiry, for which Mr. George disclaimed all responsibility—the opening of the campaign by Mr. George in October being promptly announced next day. It was first announced, by the way, for October, 1912—but the Balkan War prevented it. Does the "more trouble" coming from the same quarter portend a further postponement?

***

Found Out

One shouldn't blame the Chancellor of the Exchequer too much, though, for this sort of thing—it's temperamental, like many weaknesses. The trouble is that as a result of the Marconi affair, Mr. Asquith has been looking for yet another platform orator, the sort who can beat the drum loudly but in a gentlemanly kind of way. And he thinks he has found him in Sir John Simon, who, though a man of the people like Mr. George, is well educated and well balanced as well as a "spell binder."

***

Winston's Feelings

You will observe again the significant blessing that Winston so instantly rushed to bestow, unasked, upon the "new broom." After all, I suppose, even Ministers have their feelings — however realistically they may assume the protective attributes of the pachyderm.

Photograph . . . . . *Swaine*

LONDON'S NEXT LORD MAYOR

Sir T. Vansittart Bowater, who, in the ordinary course of events, will be sworn into office, next November, to the accompaniment of the civic-state always associated with this appointment

A Birthstain?

That Lord Beauchamp (of the birthstains and the bogus baronet) is to take the chair at the opening of the "burst-the-land" campaign is, somehow, not an augury of its complete success. A chairman is, after all, a symbol and an emblem, and for the start of such an important enterprise as this, one surely flaunts in the face of the world the most influential support one can possibly get. Is this the *very* best the gentleman at present holding the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer has been able to do for himself in the direction of patronage?

***

A Challenge

It is interesting that Lord Ashby St. Ledgers, the latest Polo Cup challenger, should be among Lord Aberdeen's guests for Horse Show week, seeing that he is one of those most frequently named as a successor to Viceregal Lodge—if there should be one. Though politically he may be regarded as rather a junior—it is only some seven or eight years ago that the whole Guest family was suddenly and miraculously converted to Liberalism—his strenuous efforts to be socially entertaining (in no frivolous sense) have made him noticeable, if only by contrast.

***

Humorous Accomplishments

His other claim to distinction (besides being Winston's cousin) is his victory in the great joust of last year at Earl's Court. This is just the sort of valuable accomplishment that might be appreciated in Ireland—indeed, only the other day it was suggested to Sir Edward Carson by a Nationalist of some prominence that the whole Ulster controversy should be settled by a sort of Eglinton Tournament, 500 a side. A sense of humour, however, is even more appreciated in that country.

Photograph *Kate Pragnell*

THE MARCHIONESS OF LINLITHGOW

Daughter of the Rt. Hon. Sir Frederick Milner, formerly M.P. in the Conservative interest for the Bassetlaw Division of Notts. Lord and Lady Linlithgow will entertain parties at their Scottish residence, Hopetoun House, during the autumn, and it is probable that the Princess Royal will pay them a visit

"L'Affair Zuleika" on the Stage

Old Scandal: New Version

Why is it that the story of Potiphar's wife is suggesting itself just now as such a topical subject for dramatisation? Strauss is making it into a ballet for the Russians, and it is, of course, the keynote of Sir Herbert Tree's new spectacle next week.

* * *

English Politeness

For home consumption, of course, we are calling it *Joseph and His Brethren*, which, somehow, sounds better, and Miss Maxine Elliot, as the lady whose "affairs" are not to be talked of openly, becomes "Zuleika." We have such a polite and pleasant manner in England of covering these things up if we can, and everyone is willing to believe, I'm sure, that "Zuleika" is (whatever Egypt may have thought and said) really a very charming and fascinating character.

* * *

An Ideal Interpreter

The striking southern American beauty of Miss Elliot—who is, of course, Lady Forbes Robertson's sister—with her dark hair and superb eyes, should make her an ideal interpreter of the part.

Differences of Opinion

Talking of America, it is curious that ladies of the American stage are sometimes more highly esteemed over here than in their own country, and *vice versa*. For instance, there is Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson, who has just been booked for another engagement in the States, though here, at the Palace, she was an undeniable "frost."

DR. WALTER H. PAGE

The recently appointed American Ambassador in London, whose first public speech proved him to be a worthy oratorical follower of Choate, Hay, and Bayard. Dr. Page before entering diplomatic service was one of America's foremost journalists

COUNT BERCHTOLD

The Austrian Foreign Minister, concerning whom there have recently been persistent rumours of resignation. Certainly, since the Balkan troubles, he seems to have made a pretty bad mess of the foreign affairs of the Dual Monarchy

* * *

Advertisements

She is to appear, by the way, with two other ladies, both of whom, it is said, are to be equally "stars" and have equal salary and advertisements—one of them being Polaire, who has taken to nose-rings now that small waists begin to bore (the public). Gaby Deslys, too, I believe, does better abroad than in France, and it was certainly not in France that she got her finest advertisement.

* * *

Dom Manoel's Freedom

Dom Manoel is now at Sigmaringen, spending the last days of his bachelor freedom and making final preparations for his wedding next week, the arrangements for which have been settled rather more satisfactorily than was thought possible at one time. I do not refer, of course, to the breaking of old ties or anything of that kind.

* * *

A Wedding Problem

The fact that the Prince of Wales is staying over in Germany has solved one very vexed question, avoiding, as it does, the emphasis of a special journey from England to attend the marriage, an idea which had set the poor "diplomats" of England shivering in their shoes lest they should offend the Portuguese Republic! On the other hand, there was the possibility

After Bridge—Chemin-de-Fer

Photograph *Annette Field*

THE AVIATOR PEER

Lord Carbery, who flew from Paris to Hendon on August 17 in a Morane-Saulnier monoplane, has been reported to the authorities for flying over prohibited areas

to be considered that Manoel may, and very likely will, become a full King again, and quite shortly, too.

* *
*

The Solution?

From the same point of view it is also rather convenient that Queen Mary does not happen to be over in Germany at the moment. It would have been awkward for Her Majesty to go to the wedding, and even more awkward to stay away or leave Germany just before the ceremony. Is this, perhaps, the solution of the decision to cancel Her Majesty's trip to Germany, which caused so much speculation?

* *
*

A Family Party

Meanwhile the ex-King's mentor, the Marquis de Soveral, has been one of the large family party at Balmoral, where the presence of Queen Alexandra for a whole week has been a welcome indication of adaptable family relations at present existing.

* *
*

"Chemmy"

They don't play bridge at Balmoral nowadays. Nor, indeed—for different reasons—is bridge, or even auction, any more the game at the country houses of His Majesty's lieges, for whom even the Edwardian *régime* of evening amusements is long out of date. The pursuit of "chemmy" is so much more exciting—*chemin-de-fer*, I mean, of course—and plays a big part in the visits of the modern Elizabeth.

* *
*

Unanswerable

The sufficiently well-known nobleman whose biography of his rather more famous literary friend is about to be published, has taken, one is told, the line that he acted the part of good genius and vainly endeavoured to reclaim the subject of the biography from a vicious life. Henley, he no doubt remembers, said of *his* friend Stevenson (when dead) that he could be described in a word of three letters. The dead, he no doubt also remembers, cannot reply, even with the mere *tu quoque* which would be in some cases so strikingly inadequate.

* *
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A "Limited" Report

Fleet Street is much intrigued with Mr. Robert Donald's very outspoken remarks on the subject of limited companies as owners of newspapers. It was certainly odd to note that the report of the speech in Mr. Donald's own newspaper, the *Daily Chronicle*, was decidedly "limited," the references in question being wholly omitted. The *Chronicle*, I may add, is itself owned by a company (Messrs. Lloyd, Ltd.).

* *
*

Real Audacity

Having become a baron (Irish variety) at the age of six, Lord Carbery shows no surprising precocity in (1) being married, (2) flying the Channel within a couple of months of coming of age. Already in his long career he has shot big game, damaged himself and the record on the bobsleigh track, and paid his tenners in two countries for impulsive little lapses. But now, it seems, he has done a really audacious thing, having flown over prohibited areas and so—actually defied Mr. McKenna!

MRS. THAW AT A NEW YORK BOOKSTALL

She has been brought into even fiercer limelight than that in which she has been for some time basking at various music-halls, this time by the prearranged escape of her husband, Harry K. Thaw. If we may say so, Mrs. Thaw looks, pictorially, none the worse for her thrilling existence

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"The Big Game" at the New Theatre

BY "JINGLE" ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

I THINK the moral of this play is that you should never judge by appearances, or something of that sort. The late Mr. Ross, for instance, was generally regarded as a man in a million. He was always nice and kind, and possessed, in short, all the precious attributes of men who leave the world the poorer for their loss. When this saintly man was killed by an unfortunate accident while on a big game expedition in Africa, some ten years ago, his son Julian, then a romantic boy of nine, considered that, as the novelists say, the light had gone out of his hitherto bright young life. Julian reverenced his late father as a pattern to be followed in all respects; and even to this day there is hanging over the mantelpiece a cherished portrait of the genial big game hunter, which, as viewed from a distant part of the auditorium, is delightfully reminiscent of the form and pose of the immortal Tartarin of Tarascon. Mr. Edward Grimshaw, the brother-sportsman who was unhappily responsible for the death of his old friend, did all he could to make amends. That is to say, he came home and married Mr. Ross's widow; and I don't see that anybody could be expected to do more than that.

IN TRULY MELODRAMATIC STYLE

Julian Ross (aged nineteen) in the person of Mr. Dennis Neilson-Terry makes rude remarks to his laconic step-father, Edward Grimshaw (Mr. Frederick Kerr)

As a matter of fact Grimshaw happens to know that the late Mr. Ross was not the saint he affected to be. It appears that about a year before he died Ross went through a form of marriage with another lady, his real wife being then and now alive, as they say in the courts of justice. He married the second lady in the name of Morrison, and she has since been under the very natural impression that she is his lawful widow, and that her child is legitimate. And, as the poet has said, where ignorance is bliss why not leave it at that? Grimshaw was appointed trustee for the "widow" and her child; but in the delicate circumstances he could hardly announce, even in the bosom of his own family, the precise relationship of Mrs. Morrison to the late revered Mr. Ross. Indeed, if he could have done so there might have been no excuse for this play: and in these fighting times a play needs every excuse it can get to justify its production.

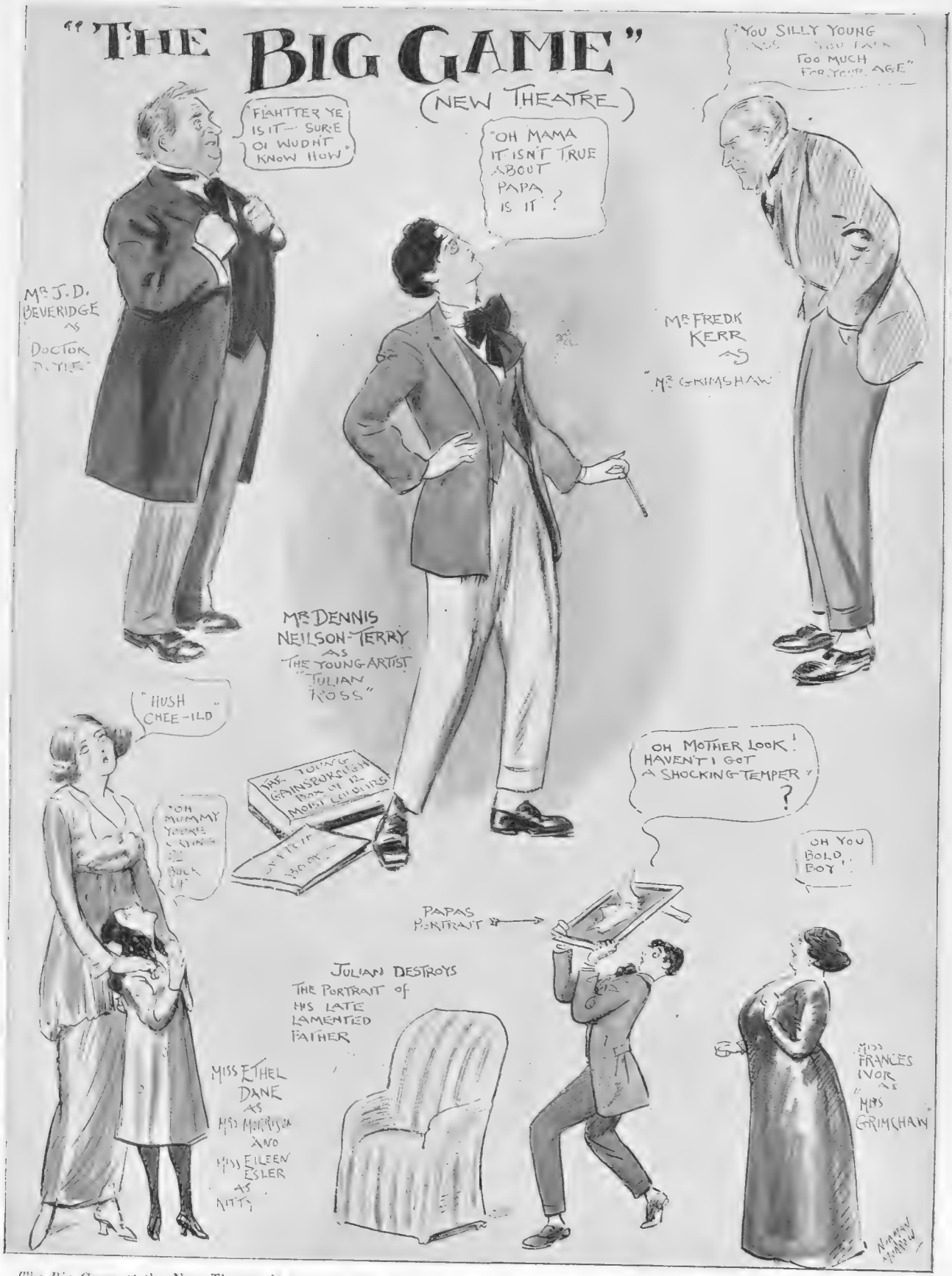
At the opening of the play Julian has grown into a hysterical lad of nineteen, and his condition is exaggerated by the dismal fact that he fancies himself an artist. And everybody knows what these artists are! I have been acquainted with so many of them during the last hundred years or so—at least, they have made me feel that it is quite as long as that. The trouble begins when a cardboard box is discovered containing an expensive doll, to which is attached a note, obviously in Grimshaw's handwriting, to the effect that it is a present for his little niece Kitty. I mean, it is so obvious. Grimshaw is evidently keeping up two establishments, and the child he calls euphemistically his "niece" is manifestly the offspring of a guilty *liaison*.

In the second act we find ourselves at the fair Mrs. Morrison's flat. Julian has found her out, and has undertaken to paint the fair lady's portrait "for the Royal Academy." For so young an artist he is singularly well-informed as to the standard of merit favoured by that celebrated institution. It is while he is engaged on his preliminary sketches that he is interrupted by Grimshaw, who establishes his guilt beyond all doubt by walking into Mrs. Morrison's house as if he had the right to be there. Consequently Julian hurries away to break the news to mother; and then all the painful facts come out. The play is interesting on account of the excellent acting of Mr. Frederick Kerr as Grimshaw, and the excitable energy of Mr. Dennis Neilson-Terry as the misguided Julian; while that fine actor, Mr. J. D. Beveridge, gives a very charming study of an Irish medical practitioner. But in the present state of the public indifference to the legitimate drama *The Big Game* does not seem to offer a conclusive reason why the public should repent of its rebellious ways.

JINGLE

The Artistic Temperament

MAKES A MILITANT REAPPEARANCE AT THE NEW THEATRE



The Big Game at the New Theatre is a story of the eccentricities of artistic and excitable youth, with a background of dramatic happenings, so that those eccentricities may not appear too fatuous. Julian Ross first labours under the delusion that his step-father killed his (Julian's) own parent, and having discovered two truths (*a*) that his father was killed by accident, and (*b*) that his father was no better than he ought to have been, flies into what we can only describe as a naughty temper becomes literally an iconoclast, and smashes his father's portrait—and there you have the play!

BY NORMAN MORROW

Poet, Sculptor, Author and Linguist

VERSATILE ACTOR TO PLAY "DORIAN GRAY" AT THE VAUDEVILLE

Photograph *Marceau*

M. LOU-TELLEGEN

Who started his career by running away from home at the age of fourteen, and became, in turn, a baker, tailor, carpenter, dramatic critic, and artist's model. M. Lou-Tellegen is also the author of a book of poems, and speaks eight languages. He studied sculpture under Rodin, and has now, at the age of twenty-eight, made a great success as an actor. He opens his London season this week at the Vaudeville Theatre in a dramatised version of Oscar Wilde's "The Picture of Dorian Gray," in which he will take the name part

Myself and Mine Host

SOME EXPERIENCES OF, AND REFLECTIONS ON, THE ENGLISH COUNTRY INN

By "JOURNEYMAN"

THE question of the country inn has, I see, on my return from a little personal experience of the subject, found its way into the London Press. Americans and others, mostly motorists, complain of bad beds, incivility, cold lunches, and high charges. One or two Englishmen defend the inn on the usual Conservative grounds—it is part and parcel of national life, they say, and, as such, they are as loth to disestablish it as were it the Church.

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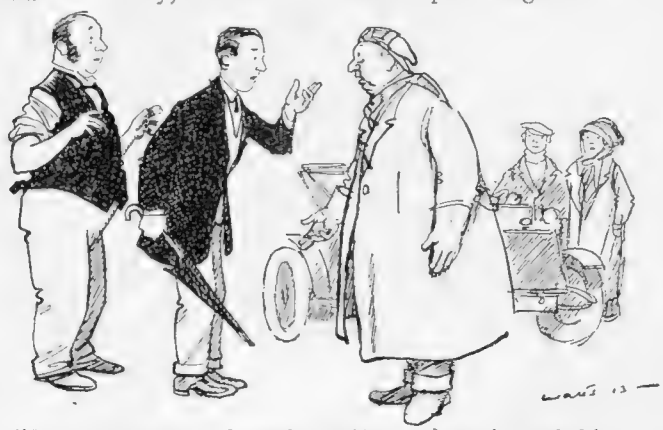
I am a Conservative myself. That is to say, I always want to conserve anything the Radicals want to destroy, and as most of the complaints against



"I feel quite capable of standing outside any inn that is attacked by motorists in search of good beds, nice manners, and hot food, and defending Mine Host with my own right hand"

the British inn come from people who, apparently, have no feeling for English country life nor respect for its traditions, I feel quite capable of standing outside any inn that is attacked by motorists in search of good beds, nice manners, and hot food, and defending Mine Host with my own right hand. When the party of Radicals have, however, gone on to the next town (where I hope they will have met the same fate) I should certainly have a few quiet words with my genial friend. For there's certainly something rotten in the state of Inn-mark.

***

My experience—gained on a tour of the West Countree—has been one of alternate blessings and cursings. When I have disliked, I have wanted to burn like a Suffragette or a Bulgar in Thrace: when I have liked, I have wanted to enshrine and sing psalms of joy. The good inn differs from the bad not so much in what Mine Host provides, but in the extent to which he is willing to provide. The man on the road—the Conservative Englishman, I mean, not the motoring American—will not quibble over what he gets provided he feels that "Todgers's" is doing its best. It is because the country inn in so many cases doesn't do its best, or anywhere near its best, that it is now being indicted in the *Daily Mail*.

***

Here are two contrasted experiences. I'll be impartial enough not to mention the names of either place. The time in each case was luncheon. Arrived at Place No. 1. No sign of any "Mine Host" at all, or even of a "Mine Hostess." After some minutes a barmaid receives notification of my desire for lunch. Disappears. In time returns with somebody who might be the landlady. Nothing but cold beef, or possibly ham! Vegetables? No, they can't do vegetables. All right. Will I go into the coffee-room? I go up to the first floor, along dingy corridors, into a room which has not been ventilated, apparently, for weeks, hung with coloured prints from Christmas numbers of the 'sixties. I sit alone in a stuffy armchair, and in a quarter of an hour a servant enters to prepare the table for what is to follow. I consume that cold beef, with pickles, and bread, butter, and beer, and confess I enjoy it, because I am hungry, and would enjoy anything.

***

But how different it might have been—how different it is at the other place! There I arrive a little before one, to be told that at one-fifteen sharp Mine Host himself sits at his table, and presides over a lunch of four or five courses, soup, fish, joint, sweets, cheese, and is pleased to welcome—at the charge of two shillings per head—anybody who turns up. He takes the risk of nobody turning up, but it is not often, he tells me, that this is the case. For the whole neighbourhood knows of the lunch in question, the time at which it is taken, and benefits itself at will.

***

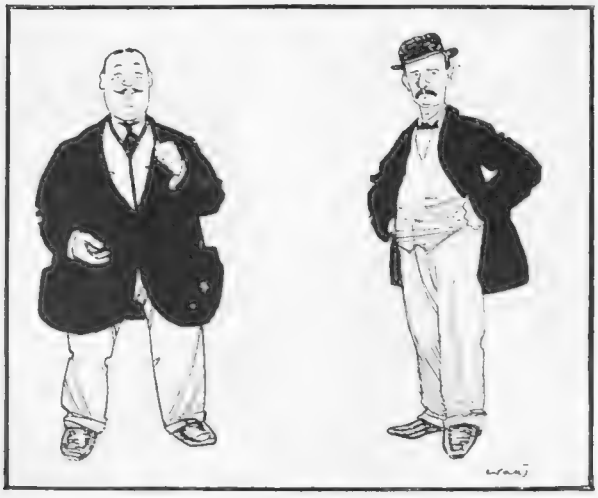
The difference between the two inns is that in the one it is assumed that nobody is likely to turn up and in the other it is assumed that anybody might turn up, and provision is made accordingly. Innkeeper No. 1 (if he exists: I did not see him) will reply, I know, that it wouldn't pay him to prepare daily a lunch to which he might have no visitors. But is it not a truism nowadays, not a paradox, that the supply creates the demand? Does not the knowledge that he is "not expected" at so many village inns make many a wayfarer—motorist, cyclist, or pedestrian—decide to render himself independent of them by taking his own food about with him, or confining his stopping-places

"Mine Host himself sits at his table, and presides over a lunch of four or five courses"

to establishments which he knows provide what he is likely to want? Most pedestrians *know* that no provision is made for them at country inns; and before starting out anywhere they so arrange their tours that, by the aid of a train, they know more or less where they will find themselves at meal-times.

* * *

Nobody in their senses would proceed for a tour of the English countryside trusting to luck for lunch and to Fate for dinner, and to Providence



"Mine Host at hotel A receives you with smiles, and, if he remembers you—a handshake. His brother at hotel B regards you with suspicion"

for a bed, as one does in a tour of any part of the continent, and the result of this is that Mine Host of the first variety continues to find either no guests at all, or guests for whom he is unable properly to provide, who take "pot-luck" under protest and write to the *Daily Mail*. Where, as in the case of Mine Host No. 2, regular provision is made, a regular patronage is secured.

* * *

And let me say that here I am not speaking of an isolated case. I know a number of inns in the Home Counties where proper meals are regularly provided daily, winter and summer, and I can vouch for it that I have never entered any of them at any time of the year but I have not taken my meal in the company of others. That a "good lunch" is to be got at a given place is, let me assure Mine Host, spread about like wild-fire among town lovers of the country. Innkeepers that provide will be as sure of their reward in this world as is decent among God-fearing country-folk.

* * *

Equally rapidly will travel the warnings against places to be given a wide berth. While Mine Host at hotel A receives you with smiles, and, if he remembers you, a handshake, and shows you into a dining-room where you will be done at the best, his brother at hotel B regards you with suspicion, and, hearing you want anything solid rather than liquid, with downright dislike. More likely in houses of the B variety there is no host at all. Show me a bad inn and—I say it as a confirmed Feminist—I'll bet it is kept by a woman. Among her many public aptitudes, innkeeping is not of woman's best. She can "do for" you well enough privately, in rooms, but publicly, in an hotel, no! It is not her line. If, on the continent, you do happen to find yourself eating thoroughly bad meals, badly served, in an atmosphere of emptiness and gloom, the odds are that it is an hotel run for the "benefit" of English tourists, by an Englishwoman.

* * *

As to barmaids, while it was occasionally my pleasure, on my tour "up along," to be pleasantly received by these, in the majority of cases my arrival was regarded as a studied insult by the young women if I wanted anything more than could be obtained from tap or bottle—with difficulty, even then—from their own fair hands.

* * *

Where woman is Host you will as likely as not find inhospitality, impoliteness, and suspicion. While Mine Host of the A variety, on receiving you, generally has a notion from your face whether you are an honest man, regardless of how you happen to be dressed or how much luggage you bring with you, Woman seems to doubt your honesty unless it is visibly lifted from cab or motor by the boots in the shape of heavy baggage.

* * *

I hope never in life to meet with such a shock as I experienced towards the end of my tour of Dartmoor. On a plateau in a heaven-chosen situation, surrounded by rock-topped, heather-clad hills drooping to wooded valleys with waterfalls, some Fiend Incarnate, following the profession of architect, had founded a modern village which might have been a street taken bodily out of a London suburb—a Tooting of the Tors. The houses were suburban, three-storeyed, wooden-gabled, with attics, conservatories, and bore such names as "Elmgrove," "Rosebank," etc. The inn in which one tried to take refuge from this hideous reminder of conditions one hoped to forget rejoiced in a glorious situation, but the architect had so arranged his rooms that from no one of them could anything whatever be seen to remind one of the fact that this was in a country of romance. And lest, in the room in which I partook of the usual cold beef, one should have chanced on a glimpse through the tiny window of a bit of hillside, the lower half of said window was filled with coloured glass of the kind one associates with a suburban dispensary.

* * *

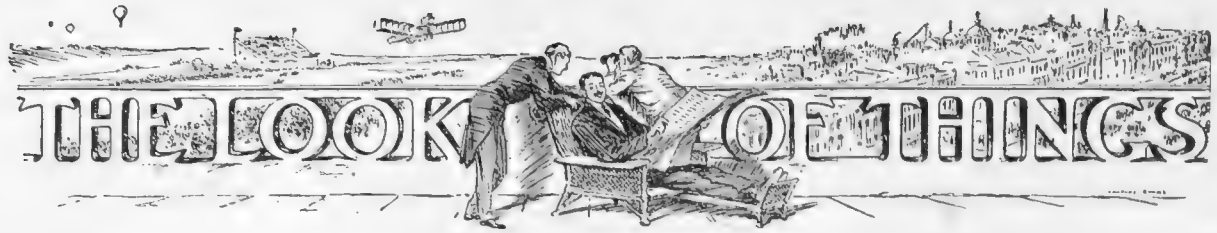
It is futile to blame innkeepers for the sins of Victorian architecture. Such as the above must, I suppose, be endured until some kindly Suffragette of taste does the needful act of benevolent burning. But public opinion can at least be aroused to prevent such enormities being repeated under King George.

JOURNEYMAN.

"Regarded as a studied insult by the young women if I wanted anything more than could be obtained from tap or bottle"

Her Favourite Rescuer—

—OR, SAVED AGAIN!



FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

A WRITER in the Press has been telling the Olympic Games Committee that all competitors at the forthcoming Olympiad must be specialists at their game, if they are to win. This—one hopes—will prevent the Committee from committing the error of asking one of our chess-masters, for example, to enter for the pole-jump.

* * *

The great waterplane race round Britain has at least proved one thing conclusively, and that is that, in matters of engines, we are still fairly Green.

* * *

Old gentlemen with what are vulgarly known as corporations, will be gratified to learn that, in the opinion of one of the leading writers on the fashions, "All the curves of the *modish* figure are now appearing at the front."

* * *

"Sea-serpents have several times been seen off the Australian coast this year, and the latest report of a sea-monster comes from no less a person than Mr. Conder, the State Mining Engineer of Tasmania." Need the monster have been anything more than a whopping Conder eel?

* * *

According to a *Daily Telegraph* correspondent, fifty kinds of midges are indigenous to this country, but "it is only the female midge that attacks us under any circumstances." One knows so little of the motives of the insect world, but it does look as though even among these tiny creatures there may also be vague and misty aspirations for the vote.

* * *

It may, of course, be that there is no deliberate attempt to bite on the part of the female midge, but that she wears some sort of hatpin which—in a crowd—is bound to run into somebody. . . .

* * *

Nobody at the War Office seems quite clear why Lieut. Dunne's aeroplane was rejected, when the first offer was made, years ago. No doubt, however, the authorities felt that it did not look quite smart enough for review purposes, being without a tail.

THE AWKWARD AGE

"Oh! shame, Tommy. You're too old to cry"
"I know. And I'm too young to have what I'm cryin' for"

It is rumoured that those New Yorkers who were bludgeoned by the police a few nights for taking supper out rather late would welcome the appointment as Governor of Mr. Harry Thaw, on the ground that his tendencies are distinctly less homicidal than those of the present official.

* * *

From the feuilleton of a contemporary: "He had a strange feeling as though the love of that strange woman . . .was stretching out tentacles of desire towards him through the darkness. . . ." Our advice to this hero would be to knock off those shrimp teas.

* * *

"The Swiss glaciers," says the *Daily Mail*, "have begun to grow." And one feels sure that the honest Swiss, always so proud of their beautiful country, will feel bound, in view of its added attractions, to make the hotel charges grow too.

* * *

Zionists, at their forthcoming Congress, will propose the establishment of a Jewish University at Jerusalem. Educationists of all kinds will welcome the idea, since it will relieve universities in general of the reproach that they cannot turn out young men fitted for "a bithneth career."

* * *

A recruiting campaign to enlist young Cornishmen for the Metropolitan Police has been started in Cornwall, and we do not see why the braver youths should not respond to it, now that Mrs. Pankhurst is known to have gone for a rest to Trouville.

* * *

Mr. Cyril Maude has been advocating a school for playwrights, where they could be taught their art. Playwrights, of course, are always advocating a school for actor-managers, where they could be taught to recognise art when it is offered to them.

* * *

In his opening address as President of the Institute of Journalists Mr. Robert Donald foretold the day when "news will be laid on like gas." The change

will be a revolutionary one, for at present it is far more common to have gas turned on as if it were news.

* * *

The "band-waistcoat is quite the *mode*." This tendency to combine garments may be economical, but we trust it will not go too far. The "collar-coat" would look skimpy, for instance.

THE LIMIT

I've striven through these my later days,
With all my poor ability,
To prove, by many a modish phrase,
My mental juvenility.

And managed rippin'ly, till now,
To catch the swanking trick of it:
I've "biffed" about just anyhow,
And "barged" into the thick of it.

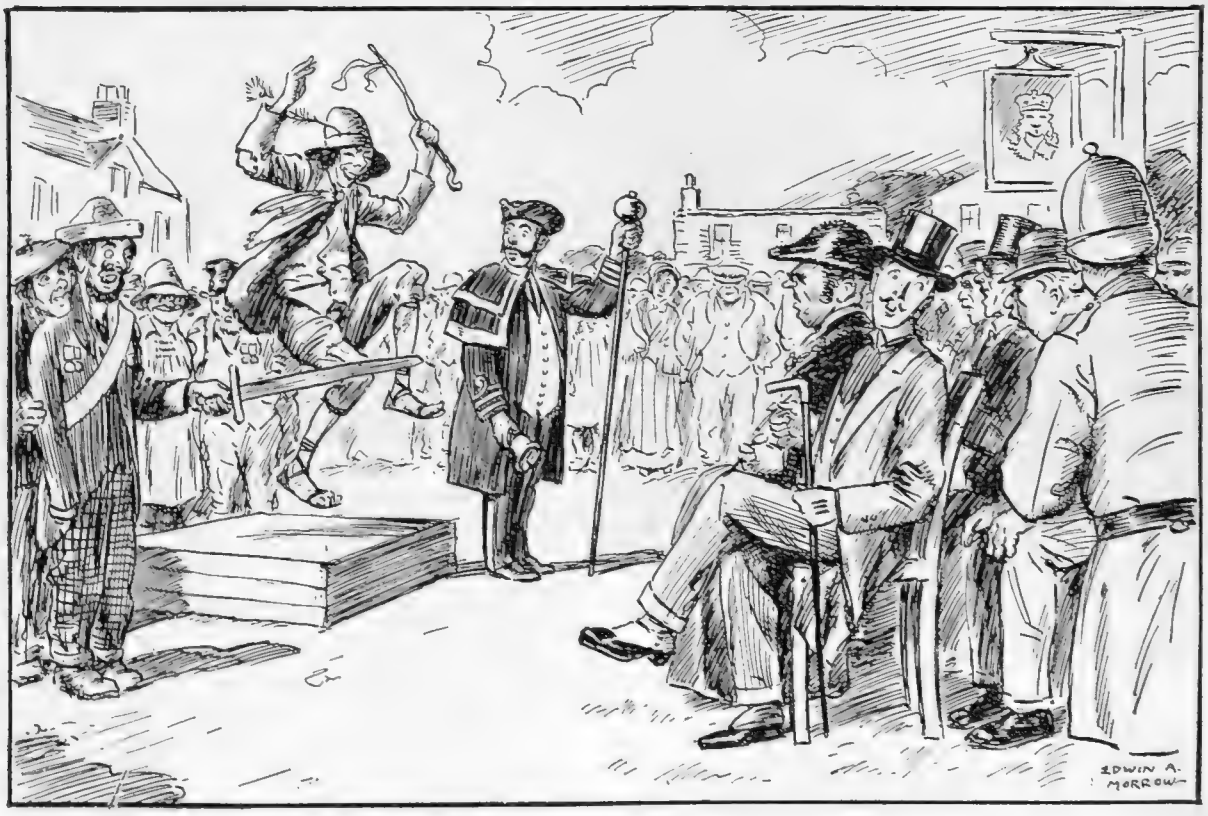
Learnt each abso. redic. new word
From "k'nuts," "b'hoys," and the rest of 'em;
Burbled "I *don't* think!" like a bird,
And "top-holed" with the best of 'em.

But now their latest brings a doubt
Lest old age have begun for me:
I've tried to get it bravely out,
But "Bow! wow!" No, that's done for me!

HABBERTON LULHAM

PHILOSOPHY IN THE TROPICS

"Do you believe we shall exist in a future state?"
"We certainly shall if we let the taxidermist get us"



TO BRIGHTEN VILLAGE LIFE: A SUGGESTION

There was held recently a Town-crier Competition, in which the Town-crier of Marlborough (Wilts) was successful. Why not go further and have a Village Idiot Competition, as per above?

German Modesty

AS VIEWED AT A BERLIN ICE PALACE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN BERLIN

At the Ice-Palace Only in brave Prussia do Innocence and Immodesty meet. Elsewhere they live apart. Elsewhere, vicious people are immodest and immodest people vicious. In Prussia innocent men and maids, out of sheer high spirits, are more immodest than the most wanton creatures of England and France. You see that at Wannsee Family Bath. Last night the Berlin Bystander saw it at the decent Ice Palace, Martin Lutherstrasse, W.

Dancing and Riding The Ice Palace is no ice palace. It used to be. Formerly it was a well-bred, exclusive place, given over to diplomatists and the Berlin Bystander. Many a time, when doing outside edge backwards, the Berlin Bystander capsized Herr Instructor Keilschrift into the Spanish Ambassador's lap. Then, like all Prussian enterprises, the Palace went bankrupt. It went through the usual *Sanierung*, *i.e.*, reorganisation, and emerged, no more exclusive, but modest and cheap. That is cheap and immodest. Of the big floor three-eighths is now given to beer-tables, two-eighths to a dancing floor, the other three-eighths to a riding *manège*.

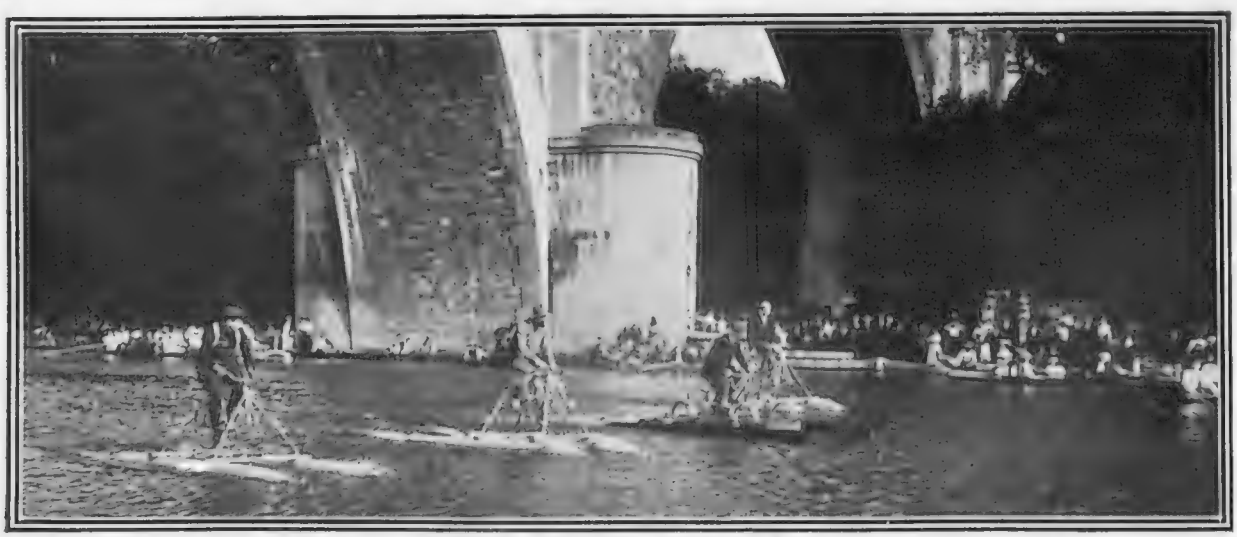
Immodesty The beer floor and dance floor call for small comment. They are occupied, as is, indeed, the *manège*, by highly respectable shop-assistants, and painfully respectable shopgirls. All drink beer, and dance the Boston, two-step, *Schiebetanz* (push-dance, that is), tango, grizzly bear—Berlin assimilates America's devices months before London does. They drink beer immodestly, and dance as modestly as the push-dance admits. The Berlin Bystander is no prude, but even he last evening blushed so violently that people mistook his face for a Socialist flag.

Riding Astride In the *manège* were six stout horses and a donkey. Officials collected fifty pfennigses from highly respectable clerks, and matrons and shop-girls for a trot around the arena. All wore their ordinary dress. The men and maids had just come from their shops, the matrons from home. All were respectable, and—for walking—respectably clad. But all these maids, except one, and matrons rode astride the stout horses, and all in their street skirts which—for Berlin is fashionable—no petticoats reinforce.

Tight Skirts At this point the Berlin Bystander made his generalisation about respectability and immodesty. Everyone versed in physics knows that even in a loose, old-fashioned skirt a woman cannot ride astride, and hide h—the limbs which mermaids lack. But when a matron or maid in a petticoatless skirt so tight that she can barely walk in it gets astride an unusually broad horse, and gallops round the arena—well, what happens? . . . Anyway it happens at the Ice Palace.

What? If the Berlin Bystander painted what he saw in plain, unlegal language this BYSTANDER page would become so red that it couldn't be read. He merely says that the respectable (not a bit of paint on their faces) matrons and maids of Berlin rode round before two thousand spectators, most with Goerz field-glasses, not only with . . . that is with a display . . . I mean there was absolutely nothing . . . no I didn't say anything about lace or elastic . . pink? What I meant was pink stockings . . .

Innocent Merriment All the Berlin Bystander will say plainly is that in all cases the skirts were pulled up nearly to the waist, and that no particular care was taken that other things didn't edge up. And the striking fact was that no one took exception. Naturally the persons with Goerz field-glasses didn't. But neither the management, nor the policeman at the end, nor the equestriennes. They looked down at their bare skins, grinned, and then waved their hands to their young men. And you could see everywhere that this was innocent merriment. Alone one nasty-minded prude imputed evil. He was the cavalier of the girl who showed the best riding and . . . When her horse stopped for a second he seemed shocked. In the presence of two thousand persons he caught hold of her garter and pulled it modestly up. Could any nation but Prussians combine such immodesty with lower-middle class respectability?



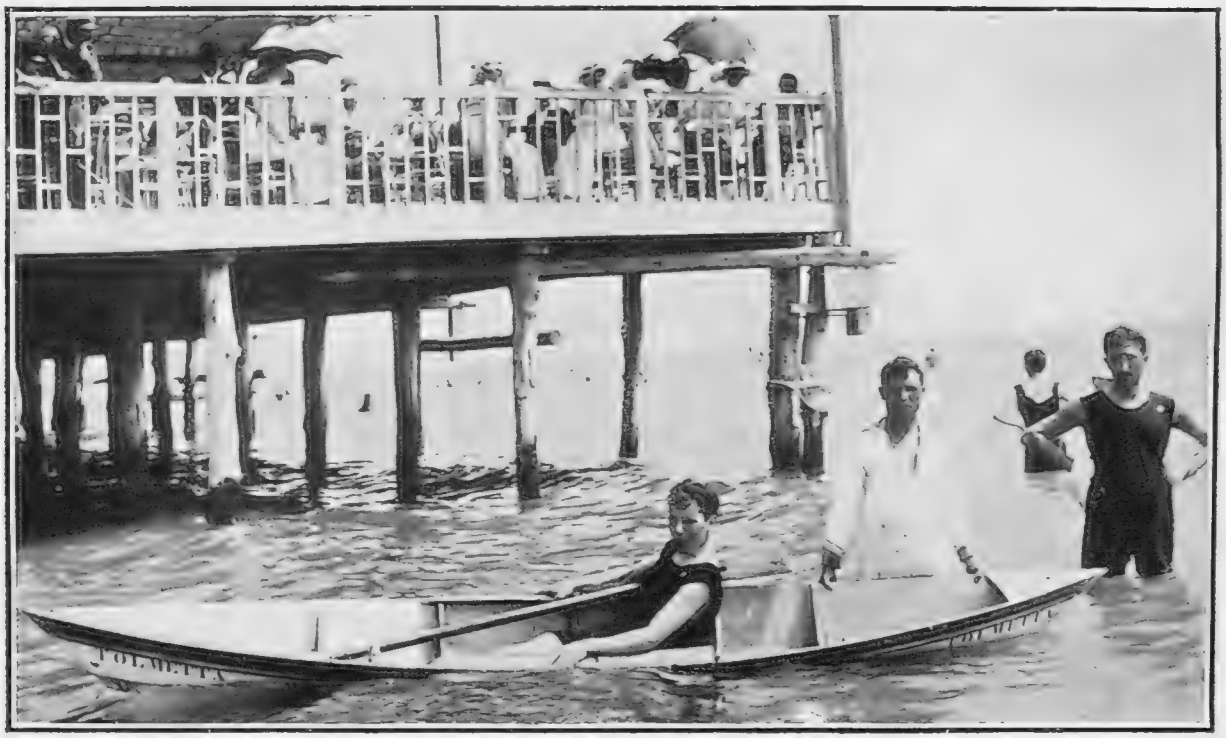
"HYDROPEDING" ON THE MARNE

A new French river sport. The picture is of a "hydropede" race at Nogent, near Paris. A "hydropede," as may be seen above, is a sort of hydroplane the motive power for which is supplied by means of pedals on the principle of the push-cycle

August by the Adriatic

SCENES AT LIDO, THE GREAT VENETIAN BATHING RESORT

BATTLING WITH THE SURF



ONE OF THE POPULAR BATHING-CANOES NEAR THE JETTY

Photographs *Dale Thomas*

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE BEACH AT LIDO

Lido is one of the most fashionable of Italian bathing resorts. It is about half-an-hour's journey by gondola from Venice, a journey that is particularly lovely in the early morning. The beach is in summer-time covered with bathing boxes. Though many Italians visit Lido in the summer, British and American visitors are mainly found there in spring and autumn, when the heat is not so oppressive

The First Direct Heir For 65 Years

TO THE MORAY EARLDOM, COMES OF AGE

LORD DOUNE

The majority celebrations of the son and heir of the Earl and Countess of Moray, took place on Tuesday of last week at Doune Castle, Perthshire. A large number of well-known people were present. It is interesting to note that it is so long as sixty-five years since there was a direct heir to the title of Earl of Moray, the last one being the son of the tenth Earl, who succeeded his father in 1848

The Bystander at DEAUVILLE

MRS. VERNON CASTLE

The Tango dancer, who, with her husband, is much "en évidence" at Tango dances in the afternoon and evening at the Deauville Casino

The Magic City

DEAUVILLE is at the height of its brilliant season. As it lies glittering in the sun it seems like a magic city which has sprung up with a mushroom-like growth in two short seasons. So beautiful are the palatial hotels and casino, and so white and clean are the streets, and so neat the carefully tended gardens, that the whole gives a strange impression of unreality.

On the Plage

The hotels are full, and in the harbour lie beautiful white yachts, that have added their load of pleasure-seekers to the community, the *plage* is dotted with small striped tents, where the dainty French babies play on the sands. Bathing, however, is no longer the cult of the *élégante*, for she finds means more to her taste of showing off her figure in the present fashions.

The Rendezvous

The great meeting-place is the promenade in a small street next to the casino, where from twelve to one everybody who is anybody must in duty bound put in an appearance. The camera fiend is in his element, for surely so much beauty and fashion are never seen so often or so intimately as in this short space, which has the pretty setting of the charming entrance of the Hotel Normandie on one side and the casino on the other. Here the most famous *demi-mondaines* of the Continent rub shoulders with European aristocracy and American plutocracy. Here an artist is detected by his flowing tie, there a smart dressmaker from a big Paris house is studying the clothes of the newest beauty. And never were fashions more amusing!

Colour and Movement

On a bright morning the charm of colour and movement is truly wonderful. At one end one catches a glimpse of the grassy lawns framed with beautiful flowers and gravelled walks. Beyond this are the tennis courts of fine red gravel; then a stretch of sand to the blue sea beyond. The keen exhilarating air acts like magic, while the music and laughter are like the froth and bubble on a glass of champagne. The waiting rows of shining motors intensify the impression of wealth and luxury. The men in flannels or in yachting suits help to add a touch of novelty and interest. The new shapeless coats of the women make brilliant splashes of colour, and accentuate the crooked outline of the latest stance. Then, of course, there is the new walk. No longer is it the "one-step waddle" or the "débutante slouch." It is a stealthy cat-creep, begotten, doubtless, of the Tango, and a curious combination of high heels and tight skirts, and an indefinable atmosphere of weariness and *chic*. When it is acquired you are absolutely "it." A fresh entertainment is provided at each corner to banish the bogey of *ennui*, which is more dreaded by the French nation than any scourge. At a neighbouring café a band of real niggers play ragtime, while on the terrace of the Casino the Hungarian gipsy band play wild, stirring tunes. There are many notabilities to be seen, whose names would swell the list of any Society journal. "Sem," the inimitable caricaturist, takes in the scene with keenly critical eyes. On the *plage* the incomparable figure of Annette Kellerman is seen to the highest advantage in a black skin-tight bathing suit, to the keen joy of the appreciative Frenchman.

(*Continued on page 468*)

"Deauvill-

THE TANGO SLOUCH

AT THE RACES

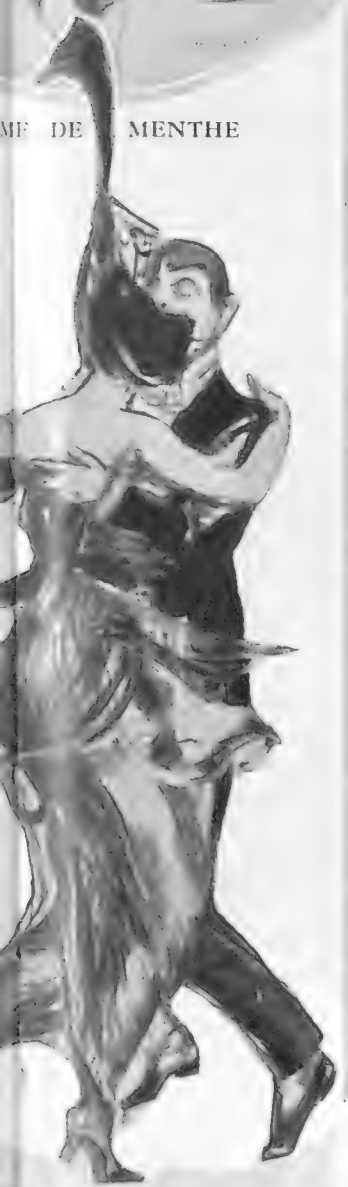
CRÈME

Deauville during August is Paris, that is from the sartorial point of view. At this, the most modern and luxurious of *plages*, fashions are seen at their very best, and most extravagant in design and face value are the toilettes displayed to gratify the vanity of their wearers and to charm the eye of the observer. A determination to be effective at any cost

THE TAN

-ainesses"

ME DE MENTHE



TANGO AT DEAUVILLE

AT THE CASINO

A MORNING STROLL

is the motto of the "Deauvillainess," and nobody can deny that she more than succeeds in her object. The sketches reproduced on these pages convey an idea of the prevailing modes, poses, affectations, and amusements of *la Parisienne charmante à Deauville sur Mer*.

DRAWINGS BY ROSE LE QUESNE

(Continued from page 465)

The Shops

The shops, also, are in themselves a thing of joy, and express the last word of things *chic*. There is also the picture-postcard shop, where you may find yourself ruthlessly depicted at any moment in the window, and woe betide you if you have not struck a happy attitude or expression!

Amusements

In the afternoon there is an *embarras de choix* of amusements. The races are, of course, the centre of attraction, for are they not the ostensible reason for Society foregathering at all at this spot? Polo is always extremely popular, and the *beau monde* flock to the polo-ground to applaud, to see, and, by no means least, to be seen. The matches between crack English and French polo teams bring a train of the smartest people. Should it be wet there is always the casino to resort to, and here the tango tea is much patronised, for this entrancing dance is claiming more and more converts. It is danced in the afternoon and evening in a variety of ways by a variety of nations, and the casino types are entertaining to a degree. Two very famous American exponents are the centre of attraction in the persons of Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle, whose dancing is original and daring. On the one side of the *grand salle* there is the monotonous call of the *roulette* tables, and on the other *les petits chevaux*, while music sounds ceaselessly throughout. There is always a delightful uncertainty as to which particular pursuit will be popular, owing to the caprice of the leaders. For where certain ones go the rest follow like sheep. In the evening, refreshed and ever-beautiful, the wonderful women appear in costumes which are brilliantly bizarre, always eager to pursue happiness, or, rather, pleasure, with untiring zest.

Unceasing Pleasure

The evening *coup d'œil* is magnificent, and the mirrored walls of the Casino reflect these marvellous women, who resemble birds in vari-coloured plumage carrying high their floating crests. The unceasing magnetism of the *baccara* tables attracts the gayest and most fashionable set, for they appease in some measure the eternal craving for excitement. Those a trifle faded, a trifle disappointed, hie them here with the utmost regularity, while money pours through the small beringed fingers like water. If they win there is a triumphant glint in the heavy-lidded eyes, and if they lose, sometimes rather heavily, the painted lips are set firm to betray no emotion. It is chance — or fate. *Pouf!* What matters! To-morrow they will win. Towards the early hours of the morning they wrap their sumptuous coats round them, and are whirled away to sleep till the dawn of another day brings the circle of pleasures round again.

BLANCHE B. ELLIOTT

THE BYSTANDER AT MARIENBAD

Plenty of Walking

LIFE seems a serious matter here, and to most the losing of a few pounds is the *ultima Thule* of existence. Of course, I mean pounds avoirdupois, although a good many pounds sterling have to be lost—or shall we say spent?—as well during the process. To keep check of your "losses" you don't have to hunt for an automatic penny-in-the-slot machine or for some quiet chemist's shop, oh no! Here there are weighing-chairs all over the place, the glass-shops, the glove-shops, the cake-shops, every kind of shop has one, and *genaueste Wage* stares you in the face at every turn. Another word that is universal here is the word *Logis*. It is on the door of every house, for, in fact, every house lets rooms, and very nice rooms, too, but the landlady—here generally one of the doctors—does not undertake to feed you, you are driven out to eat, thereby again helping the doctors, who are always ordering everyone to walk. Life, as I say, is serious here: up early, for "drinking" begins at six a.m., and what with walking between your drinks, and then walking to breakfast, and then walking to your rooms or the baths, and then walking to luncheon, and then walking to tea, and then to the waters for the evening glass, and then walking to dinner, and then walking up and down the Kaiserstrasse till bedtime—well, there is plenty of walking.

A Question of Weight

To thin or not to thin is the (Marienbad) question, and comparisons of weights and what one may and may not eat is the prevalent shop as much as the *roulette* and its numbers at Monte Carlo.

Golf—As Always

Like most other places nowadays, Marienbad has its golf links. It is a steep mount up to them, as they are on a high plateau, but the views are lovely, and it is an excellent nine-hole course. There have been several competitions lately. Princess Festetics gave a prize for a ladies' putting, and this was won by Mrs. Crompton-Roberts. Lady Waterlow gave a pretty gold watch for a Ladies' Singles, which was won by Countess Ella Festetics, whilst the Town Prize was won by the Hon. E. Coke in 83 less 3, 80 net, and the club prize against Bogey by Mr. Cameron-Head, who was two up on the Colonel. Among the players were the Hon. Mrs. Albert Petre, Countess Larisch, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, Mrs. Cameron Head, and Mrs. Raphael, Lord Dunedin, Mr. Harry Lawson, Colonel Leetham, Mr. Charles Hawtrey, Hon. C. Yorke, Mr. Mills, Mr. Walrond, Mr. Kekewich, and Mr. Drayton. If fine a lot of members come up for tea to the clubhouse in carriages or their motor-cars, and many walk back through the lovely pine forests that are one of the beauties of this place.

The Theatre

There is a pretty little theatre here, where they give musical comedies with stars from Vienna, and you can see in the original such well-known plays as *The Count of Luxembourg, The Merry Widow, Eva, The Laughing Husband, The Gipsy Girl*, and so on, and as the theatre begins at 6.30 and ends at 9.30, you can have a light supper at Ott's restaurant, where you will still find the fashionable crowd sitting over their late dinners.

R. DE B.

A Purely Personal Page

SHOWING SOME OF THOSE WHO TAKE THE CURE AT MARIENBAD

Photograph *Lampalzer*

THE PRINCE OF WALES

Out walking at Marienbad while staying there during his recent motor-tour to Prague

Photograph *Friedrich*

MR. LEOPOLD STRAUS

Taking his morning drink

Photograph *Lampalzer*

MR. ACHMED ED GAMAL

Who has been visiting Marienbad for eighteen summers from Cairo, and loses several stone each visit

Photograph *Lampalzer*

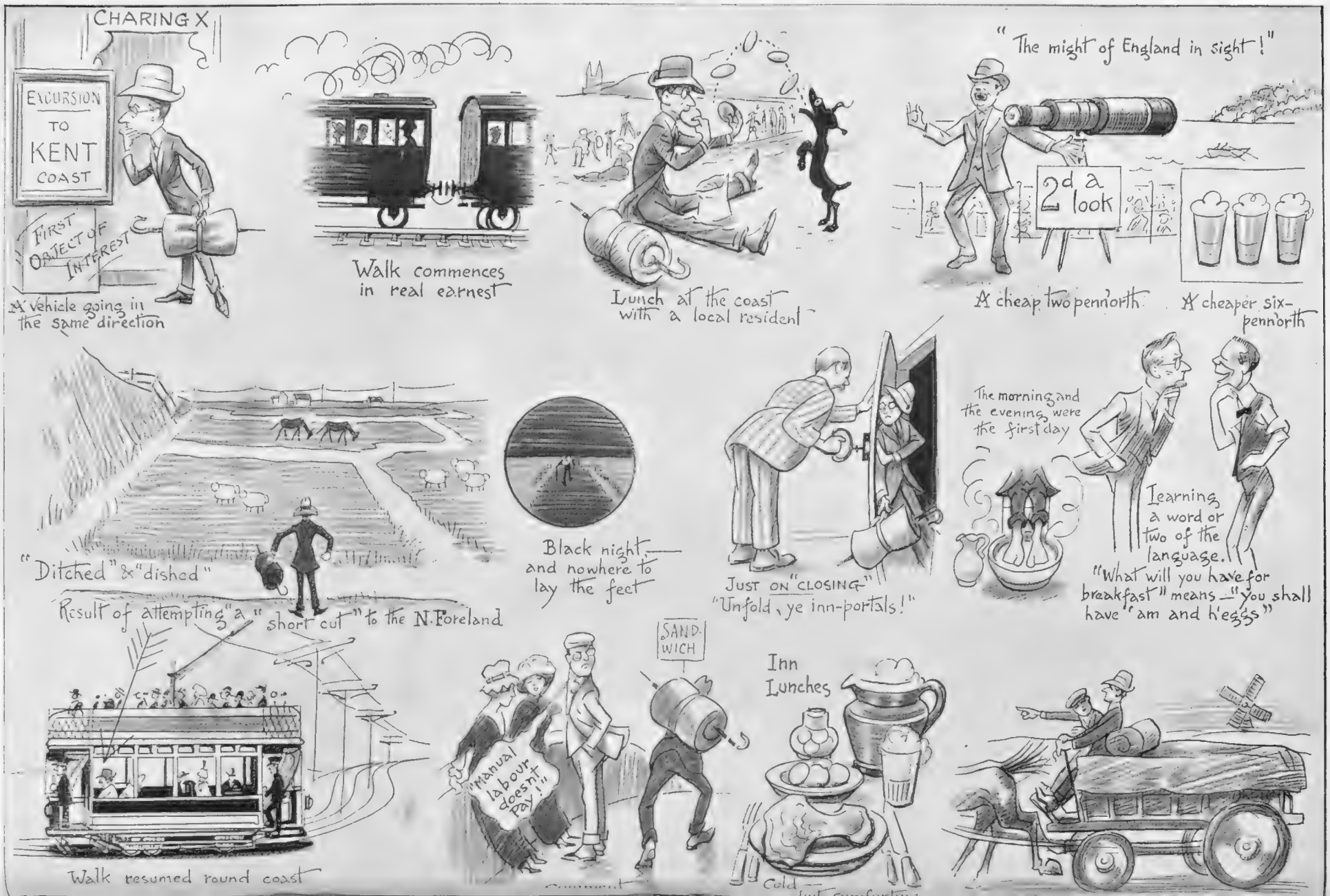
LORD JUSTICE VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

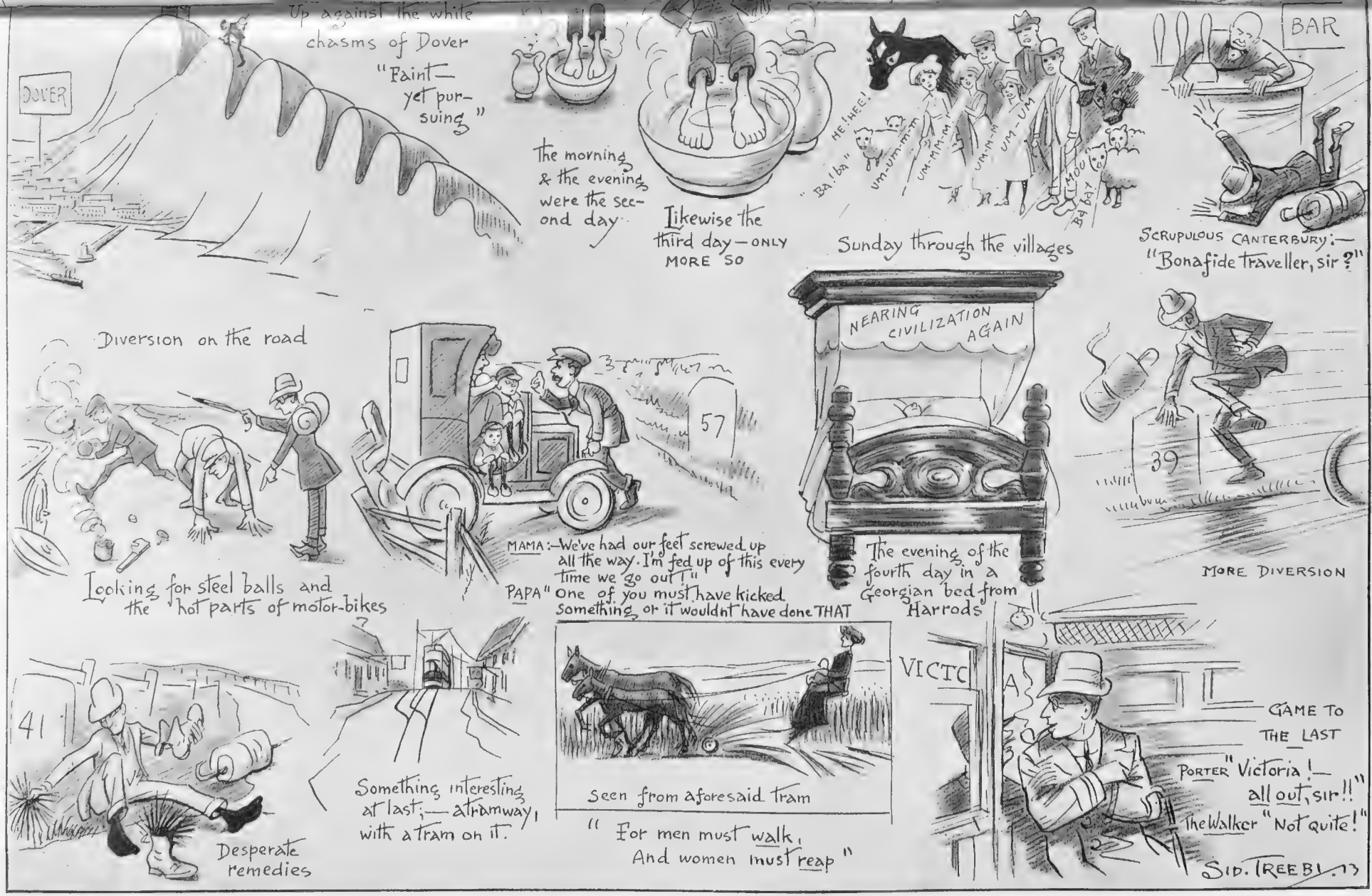
His Lordship (on the left) has been a devoted visitor to Marienbad for many years

Photograph] HON. MRS. ALBERT PETRE WALKING WITH MR. C. KEKEWICH *[Fricarich*

To get her morning glass of Kreuzbrunnen. She is wearing the Marienbad shawl, so fashionable during the season. Mr. Kekewich acts as secretary of the Golf Club while staying at Marienbad

A "Walk" in Kent: By One Who Did It





From the experiences related above, it would seem that the sport of pedestrianism is at a premium in the so-called Garden of England

BY SID TREEBY

The "Bystander" Series of Short Stories

— THE — HOME MARKET

A STORY OF A SUBSCRIPTION LIST

By Constance Smedley

IT was Saturday afternoon, and hence the unwonted sight of Gwen in the dining-room, trimming her new hat. Ursula's presence was even more unusual: she taught at the High School and had a large circle of friends outside the family radius. She was deep in thought over an account book, and spoke presently, in the tone of one who communes with herself, "If everybody gave only a little, we should get it."

"I think Carnegie ought to give it," said Gwen, fixing poppies with a critical air. Gwen was artistic, and worked at a lithographer's.

"He's been asked, and he won't," said Ursula, in the dictatorial manner which set the younger members of the family on edge. "It's much more public-spirited and dignified for the whole town to subscribe."

"A library is something for rich people to give to," maintained Gwen, stubbornly.

"Not at all: they don't need one. It's people like us who ought to club together. I've been thinking out my absolutely necessary expenses, and I believe I can afford a pound."

"Well, I call that ridiculous," said Gwen, with even more surprise than scorn. "If I gave at all I should think a shilling would be ample, though I can't," she added hastily, "because I must get a new muslin, and I shall have to have it made by Mrs. Hazelby."

The door opened at this juncture, and their brother Rickie looked in. He was a tall, thin youth, lately promoted to a salaried position, and blissfully happy in the cultivation of budding musical abilities.

"I've got a new song," said he. "Come and play it, one of you!"

"I can't," said Ursula. "I'm much too busy. What are you going to give to the Free Library?"

"Nothing," said Rickie, succinctly.

"I thought you were supposed to be a Socialist?" said Ursula, irritation conquering diplomacy.

"Exactly, and I need every penny I can earn under this wretched system of Capital and Labour," said her brother, with the argumentative tone that the younger Pennys always fell into amongst themselves, "As it is, I can't go to half the concerts I want to; and now I'm having lessons, I'm absolutely broke. Besides, the State ought to give things like libraries. Come on, Gwen: that hat can wait."

"Why can't you ask mother?" said Gwen, unwillingly.

"I have, and she's counting the washing," said Rickie.

"She'll come if you ask her nicely," said Gwen, cutting out her lining.

"You are selfish," said Rickie, "when Saturday's my only afternoon."

"Well, I shall only play it once," said Gwen. Ursula maintained a firm gaze on her accounts. The family had learnt by now it was hopeless to attempt imposing on her time.

She was still engaged in calculations to the accompaniment of mournful sounds from overhead, when her mother appeared, almost obscured by the sewing-basket piled high with the lately arrived "laundry."

"Well, Ursula, aren't you out?" said she in her kind patient voice. She was a little woman, thin and grey and lined, with thoughtful eyes. Ursula's stateliness was inherited from her father. She adopted his pleasant patronising manner when she spoke to her mother.

"No; I wanted to do accounts," said she. "Mother, don't you think father would give something to the library?"

"No, I'm sure he won't," said Mrs. Penny, sitting down in her armchair and examining the topmost garment. She drew out her thimble and began to mend as she continued: "He was saying only last night that libraries pauperise people. Besides, he hasn't anything to spare just now."

"But he must see what education's done for us," cried Ursula. "Look at the salaries we're earning!"

"I know: I think a library is needed," sighed Mrs. Penny. "But you know what father is. And as I say, he really hasn't got it to give at present."

"He's got it for anything he wants," muttered Ursula. "Look what he spends upon the garden!"

"Well, really, Ursula, it's his own money," said her mother with the sharpness she displayed alone when championing others. "Poor father: it goes to my heart sometimes to see how hard he works and for so little. You forget he still pays for this house and all your keep."

"We all work hard," said Ursula shortly. "I don't enjoy going out at half-past eight each morning and slaving all day with a lot of trying children. Though I'd rather do that than not be able to fulfil my duty as a citizen. Every person in the town ought to subscribe to the library if it's to be for all. Couldn't you give something from the housekeeping?"

"No, my dear, it's father's money," said Mrs. Penny, doubtful and rather shocked. "It wouldn't be honest to spend the money on anything but what it's given for. I've got to go to father as it is about the bills: they're very bad just now."

"Well, I shall be out to tea," said Ursula, abandoning her family in tired disdain. "Why don't you come for a little turn round the Square? It's so hot in here."

"I was out this morning," said

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(Continued on page 474)

A Polite (Stage) Blackmailer

WHO NIGHTLY KEEPS "WITHIN THE LAW" AT THE HAYMARKET

Photograph *Bassano*

MISS EDYTH GOODALL

In the costume in which she appears as Margaret Taylor in that very successful play, *Within the Law*, at the Haymarket Theatre. Miss Goodall is a talented young actress, who, like so many, jumped suddenly into fame. She made her first great success in Mr. Stanley Houghton's play, *Hindle Wakes*, at the Playhouse

(Continued from page 472)

Mrs. Penny. "That's the best of shopping: it does get you out; and I don't know where you'd all be to-morrow morning if the clean clothes weren't mended, either."

"I think you do too much," said Ursula, and this authoritative statement being made, departed.

Mrs. Penny sewed on, without paying heed to the last remark. Her mind was concentrated upon getting for her children all they wanted, and it began to work automatically now about this proposition of a library, which Ursula had so to heart.

She approved of it, decidedly. She had taught the children in their early years, and knew from experience the difficulty of obtaining reference books. She felt with Ursula that people ought to take it up, but sighed to herself as she reflected on her husband. He was adamant in his prejudices. Once he had declared himself against a project his pride would never let him budge. And he was hard-up, too.

Again she sighed, and fell to thinking without much hope, of the mythical far-off day when Joseph's business would bring in the harvest he anticipated and she would have a regular allowance, out of which she could keep house in comfort and even have a little over for the children's projects.

She started rather guiltily when she heard her husband's step: it seemed disloyal to be wanting what he could not give. He was so good to all of them. Tears came into her eyes as he called out "You in there, Millie?"

His Saturday afternoon at home with his family and beloved garden was the bright spot of his week.

"Yes, darling," she replied. "You're late! Were you kept at the office?"

"N-no," said Mr. Penny, coming in and bending down to kiss his wife affectionately. "I don't think I'm so very late. I called in at Batterby's to get a new fertiliser I'd seen advertised. It seems to be wonderful stuff. I'm going out now to try some on my chrysanthemums. Eight shillings for this little tin."

"Eight shillings!" said Mrs. Penny.

"Yes, but they say it's well worth it," said Mr. Penny in his large soothing way. "Is everybody in?"

"Only Rickie and Gwen," said Mrs. Penny. "Ursula's been in: I thought perhaps you'd met her. She's been talking about the new library."

"Oh?" said Mr. Penny, stripping the wrappings from his treasure.

"I suppose you're not going to subscribe?" said Mrs. Penny, tentative and hesitant. "Ursula is so set on it."

"I should be only too glad if I had anything to spare," said Mr. Penny, prying at the lid. "But you know how things stand just now. Besides, I really don't feel these libraries ought to be encouraged, and one ought to stand by one's principles. Well, I'll see you at tea."

Eight shillings for that little tin! Mrs. Penny shut back the disloyal thought. Was Joseph to be grudged the few shillings that went to his one hobby?

Yet the memory would not go.

Eight shillings.

Five, or even two, would have delighted Ursula.

And she did not agree with Mr. Penny: a library was useful. Rickie was saying only the other night he needed books on engineering.

The harrowing, if imperfect, strains had come to a conclusion overhead. When Gwen appeared to resume her trimming Mrs. Penny spoke about the library. Gwen's explanation about the muslin gown was met rather unexpectedly by her mother offering assistance.

"All the jam's made except the damson," said Mrs. Penny, "and I should like you to feel you could give something if you want to."

"I don't know that I do, all that particularly," confessed Gwen. "Still, Ursula will be unbearable if I don't. But do you think you can make the dress?"

"Oh, yes. I make all my own," said Mrs. Penny. "And a muslin's not like a cloth. We can buy a pattern."

They proceeded to discuss colour, style, material.

The dress was a success, but when finished Gwen could only afford to give a shilling. Other needs had come.

Mrs. Penny did not often take interest in anything that was not immediately connected with the family, and her children were amused to see her pick up the paper and look for news about the library. She shared in the excitement when they heard a distinguished poet was coming to perform the opening ceremony.

"I must say I should like to see him," she volunteered to her family's astonishment. Their mother so seldom had a personal desire that its announcement came quite as a shock.

"You could go with Ursula," said Mr. Penny. "I suppose you could get a ticket for your mother?"

"There'll be a big rush," said Ursula, somewhat doubtfully. It was so odd for her mother to want to go when father wasn't.

"Oh, it can be managed all right," said Mr. Penny, "I'd see to it myself, only I've held aloof from the beginning, and it wouldn't look well to apply for a ticket now."

He returned to his paper, and Mrs. Penny studied the paragraph again with secret eagerness. She did want to see what this Great Man was like.

She reminded Ursula that she had taught them a little poem of his, when they were small: Ursula tried to be pleasantly tolerant of her mother's interest.

Even Gwen took an active part in the stir that now ensued, planning and preparing the costumes for the opening.

Mrs. Penny spent a good deal of thought on her own outfit, and concluded to turn a black evening dress and make a tunic of an old lace shawl. The reception was to be in the afternoon, but the occasion demanded something smarter than the well-worn Sunday gown.

Even the critical Ursula approved when the final touches had been given, and Mrs. Penny invested in two puce chrysanthemums and freshened up her best toque with what she felt was quite a Parisian effect.

Gwen had a new *foulard*, and Ursula's speechday gown had not been taken out of its wrappings since that supreme occasion.

In 'spite of his principles, Mr. Penny was tacitly genial, and Mrs. Penny rose each morning with the knowledge that an unwonted treat was drawing nearer. Mother's interest was by now the accepted family joke, and fictitious paragraphs were gravely read out every morning for her benefit.

So when Rickie called out at breakfast, "I say, what will mother do? Only donors are to get tickets for the opening," she smiled her patient inured smile, and continued to pour coffee.

(Continued on page 476)

Our Cubist Artist Visits Brighton

With the usual luck that attends Mr. Alec P. F. Ritchie's excursions, he went down for a change of air to Brighton, and found there ever so many interesting people doing interesting things by the sea. Lord Kitchener was there for one, and, after a long search, Mr. Ritchie found Mr. Asquith and Mr. Bonar Law playing amiably together, while Mr. Eden Phillpotts was taking well-earned relaxation in *emptying* his pots (Mr. Phillpotts invariably spends his holidays thus). Several other interesting events took place, which Mr. Ritchie has recorded above

(Continued from page 474)

"Oh, do try and find a new subject for your wit," said Ursula, buttering toast fastidiously.

"I don't think it's particularly good taste, either," chimed in Gwen.

"I should write to the newspaper, then, if I were you," said her brother. "I'm not making it up. You can see for yourself."

"Donors only," read Gwen. "So it is. How stupid."

"Let me see," said somebody from behind the coffee-pot, and took the paper with trembling hands. There was a momentary adjusting of spectacles, and then a quavery voice said, "I suppose the paper is always right?"

"Oh, yes, such a statement would be official," said Mr. Penny, authoritative, though not wholly comfortable. "I expect something can be done, however. You'll see to it, won't you, Ursula?"

A dead silence fell, and Mr. Penny took out his watch.

"Dear me! That clock's slow again. I do wish you would have it seen to, Milly. We shall have to run for our tram if we're to catch it."

There was the usual stir and clatter, the usual calling out to mother "not to forget" that Ursula was bringing somebody to tea, that Mr. Penny's frames must be closed when the sun left them, and then Gwen and Rickie were in possession of the armchairs and engaged in putting on their boots.

"If I had a ticket, you should have it with pleasure," said Rickie.

"You can have mine," said Gwen, with not too good a grace. "I don't care all that much."

"Oh, no, of course I couldn't take yours," said Mrs. Penny quickly. "Besides, it wouldn't be right, if only those who have given are to go. I shouldn't care to have people think what wasn't true."

"I don't see that that matters," said Gwen, but Mrs. Penny shook her head again, pursing up her lips in a way that signified finality.

"I expect Ursula will arrange something," said Gwen as she and her brother hastened down the drive.

"Yes, I do think mother ought to go," said Rickie, and then they both had to dash through the gate and run after the tram.

When the family met at supper Ursula had to announce the extra ticket was not forthcoming. The reception was to be confined, as the announcement said, to donors only. Of course the important town officials were to be invited, but the Pennys could not be classed in the "distinguished" rank.

"Why not give something now?" suggested Rickie.

"Yes, I suppose one could," said Gwen. But again Mrs. Penny displayed unexpected independence.

"No," said she. "If I give now it will look what is the truth, that I'm only giving because I want to go to the reception. I shouldn't care for people to say that of me. It's such an unworthy motive."

"I'm sure I didn't give from anything worthy," said Gwen.

"You didn't expect to get anything," said Mrs. Penny. "And Ursula gave all she could. It's right both of you should go."

Mr. Penny fidgetted behind his paper. He was finding himself in a totally unaccustomed position. His wife's cherished desire was to be cruelly thwarted, and he was powerless to intervene.

He had to struggle with his obstinacy, but after an evening spent in silence, furtively watching his wife's head bent above the interminable mending, he yielded, and when they were upstairs said: "If I had had any idea that this was going to happen, of course I would have given."

"I know, dear: it can't be helped,' said Mrs. Penny with a sigh. "We must hope the children will enjoy it."

"No, but I really think you ought to go," said Mr. Penny. "I—I want you to. I shall go down to-morrow and see what can be done."

"I would much rather stay away than have you give at the last minute," said Mrs. Penny with a sudden flush. "I should hate it, Joseph: I really should. It would look so barefaced—specially when you've been asked by several people and have said you didn't approve. No: please don't think again about it. I daresay it's just as well I'm not going: such things are often disappointing, and we shall hear all about it from the children."

"Still, when you've got your dress," said Mr. Penny, still uneasy.

"Oh, the dress doesn't amount to much. It isn't as if it is a new one. I can wear my bonnet on Sunday," said Mrs. Penny.

She indulged in a few tears after Mr. Penny had fallen asleep: in vain she told herself that she was foolish. The longing to see and hear the Great Man could not be quenched.

Fortunately Mr. Penny was a sound sleeper.

As if to emphasise the irony of the position, Gwen and Rickie received an invitation to a tennis tea, next morning, for the afternoon of the great ceremony.

"Oh, bother, it's the old opening," said Gwen. "I'd so much rather go to this."

"Well, why not, and then mother can have your ticket?" said Ursula.

"I really shouldn't care to go, dear, under the stipulations," said Mrs. Penny, now keyed up to the rôle of martyr.

"But that's absurd," said Mr. Penny, testily. "Of course, the invitations are transferable."

"Yes, and mother, you really had a share in what I gave," said Gwen with sudden recollection. "Don't you remember? You said you'd make my muslin dress so that I could give the money for its making."

"You only gave a shilling," said Ursula.

"Do you mean to say that's all you pay for making a dress?" said Mr. Penny, in astonishment.

"No," said Gwen, a little flushed. "But, then, I had to get other things, and, of course, mother does everything for nothing."

"Everything for ——" said Ursula, and stopped short, and glanced at her mother.

Mr. Penny was looking down the table in a funny way.

"Everything for nothing," said Rickie bluntly, and as if he was very angry. "That's just about it."

Then he stalked out.

"Well, you'll go, mother, won't you?" said Gwen.

"Yes," said Mrs. Penny.

Mr. Penny remained behind his newspaper; when the others went he put it down and faced his wife.

"Milly," said he. "I can't give you all I'd like to, but you know whatever I have is yours."

"Yes, dear," said his wife, still with the queer new look. "But you've got the spending of it."

"Well, I don't see how else we can manage," said Mr. Penny, gathering up his paper.

Mrs. Penny rested her head against his shoulder, and submitted to his kiss with tearful fondness, but deep in her heart the seed of evolution had been sown.

CONSTANCE SMEDLEY

Sports and Pastimes

SOME REMARKS ON THE OLYMPIC GAMES APPEAL

Sport and Money

It is a curious sequel to THE BYSTANDER'S remarks last week on the subject of the enormous popularity of lawn tennis that one should have occasion to comment this week on two developments which present a strikingly different aspect of things in the world of sport. Lawn tennis has at present as not the least of its attractions, and one of the causes of its great and still increasing vogue, the fact that it is almost absurdly simple and inexpensive. On the other hand, both the polo enterprise, which Lord Ashby St. Ledgers is organising in succession to the Duke of Westminster, and the Olympic Games scheme, which was presented before the notice of the public last week, are undertakings which involve a great deal of money, and elaborate as well as expensive preparation.

Photograph *Sport and General*

A WONDERFUL VETERAN

Mr. A. E. Newton, who made five catches in one innings when playing cricket for Somerset against Kent recently. He was born in 1862, and played in the 'Varsity match twenty-eight years ago

Paying to Win

If an amiable and ambitious nobleman decides to spend a very substantial sum in an attempt to regain an international trophy, we can only, as a nation, applaud the patriotic element of his enterprise with all the enthusiasm we can muster. The matter itself does not touch us so very closely; polo is a splendid sport, but it is, and is likely to remain, a sport *de luxe*. On the other hand, the principle of it, the spending of large subsidies, public or private, on games for the purpose not of their natural development, but of victory in a particular contest, is essentially bad. This aspect becomes doubly and trebly magnified in the case of the project by which it is proposed to raise £100,000 in order that we may discover, train, and spur to victory a body of athletes for the Olympic Games to be held at Berlin in 1916. It means that for the first time in the history of English sport all games are to be brought eventually under the domination of the money-bags.

Photograph *Sport and General*

LORD ASHBY ST. LEDGERS

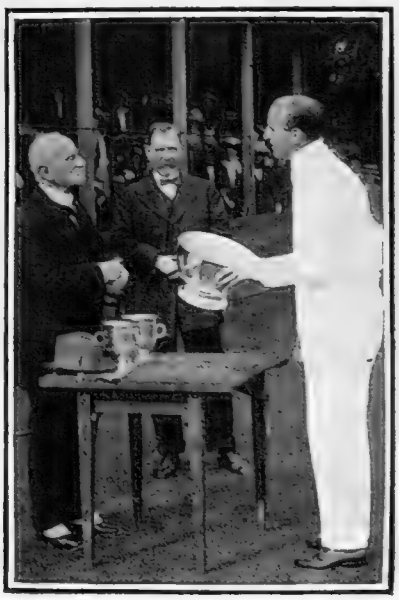
Announced as the generous organiser of the next English polo team to challenge America for the Cup. The question of the advisability of subsidising sport, publicly or privately, is discussed on this page

Subsidised Specialists

For the men who are to be selected and watched over and made specialists of to the nth. degree will not only be drawn away from other forms of exercise than the one for which they are picked; they will have to be guaranteed a living while they are, so to speak, being fattened for the market. Money and influence, of course, can do this, but it has nothing to do with sport, any more than have four-sixths of the signatories to the appeal. And what of the poor prize pigs when it's all over? An American correspondent of the *Times* pointed out last week that new faces are seen in the Olympic Games every four years—only two members of the American team of 1908 competed again in 1912. American athletes have a way of going stale after a few years, and "it is a rare thing to see a man of twenty-five taking part in anything but field sports in America." Our leading athletes, on the other hand, in cricket, lawn tennis, and other games, are often only at their prime at forty or over.

The American System

But it is just the American system that it is now proposed to introduce. People talk about our supremacy in sport being threatened, the national honour, and so on. But, in the first place, is it threatened by anything that happens at these peripatetic and unrepresentative meetings, in which *the home country always has and always will have a great advantage?* And if it were, it is not the supremacy of sport but of the purse that—even if we succeed—we shall ultimately establish by such means as these. It is claimed for the scheme in a half-hearted way that it will assist towards the general training of the youth of the country, and no



LORD ROBERTS

Presenting to J. C. Parke the cup he won at the Buxton Lawn Tennis Tournament. Lord Roberts is one of the signatories to the appeal for £100,000 to train British athletes for the next Olympic Games

doubt it was on this ground that Lord Roberts was "roped in" as one of the signatories to the appeal. But whatever little mite the scheme may contribute towards this subsidised training for prizes, even international ones, is a very different thing from national training for the defence of the country. The whole idea is not only wrong-headed, but sweepingly pernicious, and one to be fought tooth and nail by those who have any desire or hope of keeping English sport clean and undefiled.

D.

GOLF

The Irish Castor and Pollux

The "Dioscuri" to whom I have given the above title are the two most distinguished Irish golfers of recent years, Mr. L. O. Munn and Michael Moran. These two have done more since they began their meteoric careers to concentrate attention on Irish golf and give value to its claims than any other players from the Emerald Isle. Last year Mr. Munn, then the holder of the triple crown of Irish Amateur Championships, suffered a comparative eclipse. It was evident at Westward Ho! last year that he was not in full fettle, the reason being that his law studies had interfered with his golf practice. In fact, to acquire the chance of a legal practice he had to abandon temporarily his playing practice. Anyone conversant with Mr. Munn's careful and concentrated style can readily appreciate how want of steady, preliminary work would militate against him when called upon to play serious matches.

Photograph *Sport and General*

LIONEL O. MUNN

Winner of the Close Irish Amateur Golf Championship at Portmarnock

Championship Players

This year, apparently, his legal stymies have been surmounted, and in the recent Close Irish Amateur Championship at Portmarnock he gave convincing proof of his renewed form. It is a matter of recent history how the redoubtable "Willie" Greig, the famous wielder of the wooden putter, extinguished Mr. Munn's chances at St. Andrews at the twenty-second hole in an early round of the Amateur Championship. A similar experience almost befell him in the fifth round at Portmarnock, for Mr. Carroll took him to the twenty-first hole, and but for his ball jumping out of the hole in a two-yards putt at the twentieth would have defeated him. In the final Mr. Munn beat Captain Boyd, an old ex-champion and a very fine golfer, by six and five, after an even first round. Shortly after this article appears the Irish Open Amateur Championship commences at Dollymount, and I expect the Saxon invaders will find Mr. Munn, Captain Boyd, Mr. Cairnes, and other Irishmen ready to resist the invasion to the uttermost. It takes a very fine golfer at his best to dispose of Mr. Munn when he is in the humour, and his recent success will, no doubt, inspire him to produce of his best.

Photograph *Sport and General*

M. MORAN

Winner of the Irish Professional Championship, photographed while driving

Michael Moran

The second of the heavenly brethren, Michael Moran, added fresh lustre to his rapidly growing reputation by winning the Irish Professional Championship at Portmarnock for the fifth time in succession. This is a great record and practically unprecedented in the history of championships. His latest win is the more remarkable seeing that when he started his last round he was no less than six strokes behind O'Hare, the leader, and had wiped off none of his deficit when only nine holes remained to play. But, as we learned at Hoylake, Moran is great at a pinch, and took those nine holes in 36, not only wiping off his arrears, but adding a credit balance of two strokes, as O'Hare got into difficulties and took 44 for these same nine holes.

A Difficult Course

The Portmarnock course was evidently in a very difficult condition owing to the drought, the pitching and putting being consequently very tricky. This accounts for the extraordinary discrepancies between some of the rounds. For instance, Moran's first round was 79, while his second was 88, McKenna was 88 and 78, and McNeill, a fine player, 88 and 78. Golf is very kittle work when the course is baked and hard as iron, and the least bit of bad luck in the fall of an approach may make a world of difference between a morning and an afternoon score.

Amateur and Professional

This Irish Professional Championship was preceded by a foursome match between teams of Irish amateurs and professionals, twenty a-side. I wish to draw particular attention to this match, as it is not often that one has the chance to record a victory for amateurs over professionals. In this case the amateurs won by six matches to four, an extremely creditable victory. The leaders, Captain Boyd and Mr. Jameson, lost to Moran and O'Hare, but Messrs. Munn and Cairnes conquered McNeill and Hamill, and Messrs. Davies and Morgan, Henry and Carter, Bancroft and Johnson, McCormack and Halligan, and McCormack and Huggard won the other five victories for the amateur side.

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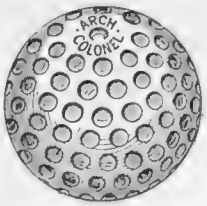

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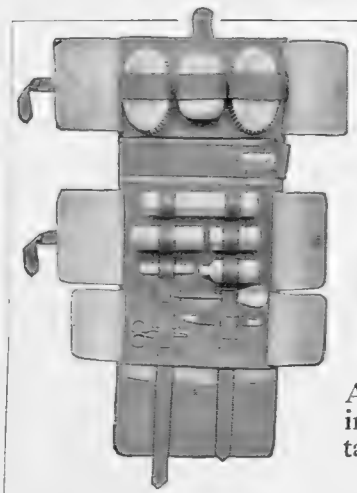

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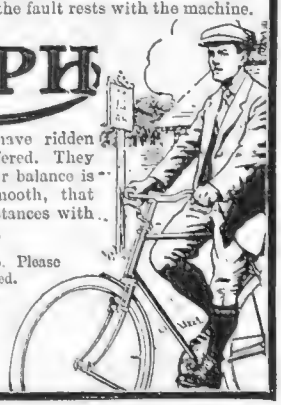

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A New Writer

One becomes rather tired of hearing that this or that young man has written a first novel of uncommon brilliance. Occasionally, it is true, the first novel may in process of time become the valuable "first edition" of a deservedly famous writer—to be sold and resold for ever-increasing sums. But this does not happen very often. Generally the first novel is remembered only to be used for the purposes of favourable comparison with the author's later work. It would really seem, however, that Mr. Percival Wren has already embarked upon what may be more than an ordinarily successful career. In quick succession two works of his have appeared, and both have qualities which, to say the least of it, are uncommon.

Semi-Detached Stories

His *Dew and Mildew* (Longmans: 6*s.*) is dated 1912, but THE BYSTANDER'S copy was, apparently, not forthcoming until a month or two ago. The book is a collection of "semi-detached" stories of India, mostly founded, the author tells us, on fact, if not actually true in their entirety. In parts they are faintly reminiscent of Kipling, but show a powerful pen very willing indeed to be dipped into the ink of originality. Several of the stories deal with the extraordinary ill-luck which befalls the unfortunate folk who chose to live in a house with a curse. The oddest possible things happen, and you can no more explain them than you can explain a great many other peculiar phenomena of which India alone, apparently, holds the secret. But there are also other stories of a different kind. Mr. Wren tells of the quaint adventures of a Labour Member of Parliament "discovering" India, and of the equally quaint pastimes invented by some delightful children. You read the book with no little pleasure, and wait impatiently until his next book shall fall into your hands.

The Brokendown Gentleman

It is already to be had—*Father Gregory: A Tale of Hindostan* (Longmans: 6*s.*)—and it is difficult to know what to say of it. The central idea is excellent. There is a club formed in India for the benefit of gentlemen—the word is important—who have failed. John Durham, its founder, himself, as he says, a failure, though this I doubt, treats his "cases" in a manner to which some charitably minded, but very respectable, people would have the strongest objection. Durham, for instance, obtains a drunken ex-Fellow of Oxford by offering him some excellent cognac. He is helped by a rather mysterious priest, Father Gregory, and the majority of the book is given up to the life-stories of the various members whom the founder has gathered about him. But there is also a prologue to the book, and about this I am doubtful. The prologue is dreadfully melodramatic, and its connection with the rest of the work only appears in the final sentence.

Photograph *Hana Studios*

MR. CYRIL HARCOURT

Whose first novel, "The World's Daughter," an unconventional story showing great promise, is reviewed on this page

Children's Play

Mr. Walter Wood has chosen an uncommon subject for his *Children's Play and Its Place in Education* (Kegan Paul: 3*s.* 6*d.* net). People take things very seriously nowadays, but play is important, and not only to the educational expert. It would probably never occur to the ordinary man that serious attention is worth giving to the ordinary games and pastimes of children, but all the authorities now seem to be recognising the fact that "lessons" and "play" must both be treated in considerable detail. Mr. Wood manages to be interesting throughout. The "Play Theories" may not amuse crusty bachelors, but the later chapters should appeal even to them, and the Englishman will be piqued to learn how much better "they do these things in America."

A First Novel

There is a fine idea at the back of Mr. Cyril Harcourt's first novel, *The World's Daughter* (Lane: 6*s.*). The opening is unconventional, the continuation hardly less so. To write a full-length novel, as Mr. Harcourt has done, which is practically no more than a duet, requires some doing, and there are moments, to be frank, when he might have shortened certain passages with advantage. Half the book tells of a single day. A man and a woman, strangers, meet casually at St. Pancras Station, and make friends. What follows may be imagined—or not. There is a delicacy in Mr. Harcourt's writing which should stand him in good stead when he essays a larger canvas. Meanwhile *The World's Daughter* is worth reading.

RALPH STRAUS

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("The Bystander," August 27, 1913.)

THE "PLAGE" AT ETRETAT DURING BATHING-TIME

HOLIDAY NOTES

Unspoiled by "Fashion"

Etretat is having the good season it deserves, for it is a delightful, picturesque little place that "fashion" has failed to spoil. The bulk of the visitors this season are either English or American, and at M. de la Blanchetais's Golf Hotel one scarcely hear anything but the Anglo-Saxon tongue. The links, which are in capital order, are being particularly well patronised, and there is always a big collection of golfers and their families at the new *annexe* of the Golf Hotel at teatime. This *annexe* is, when finished, to be a reproduction of the *chateau* of the Marquis de Sevigné, and all the material used in its construction is genuine old stuff collected in the neighbourhood of Etretat. The little casino is having quite a record season, so that Etretat all round has certainly nothing to complain of this year.

The St. Malo Service

My congratulations to the South Western Railway on their St. Malo-Southampton service. I crossed over on the *Sarnia* the other night, and was most comfortable. The *Sarnia* is a liner in miniature, and wonderfully steady, and if one is lucky enough to get a cabin on the promenade deck there are no horrors connected with the crossing. A good word, too, for the courteous L. and S.W.R. officials at St. Malo, headed by M. Hamon, with whom nothing is ever too much trouble. By the way, would it not be possible for the Company to place the public under a still further obligation and run a breakfast car on the train up to Town? So many people can't eat on board, and one is apt to feel uncommonly empty after a Channel crossing!

"Winking the Other Eye"

Ostend, since the authorities have decided to "wink the other eye" at *baccara*, has pulled up wonderfully, and it really looks as though the good old days might yet return. At any rate, the hotels have been very full of late, and if by next year the town gets formal permission to have *baccara* and is wise enough to let the fact be known the world over there seems no reason why Ostend should not prosper again. Its bathing is certainly perfect, and the place is so very accessible, while its kursaal should be one of the most attractive in the world, and its race-programme is very hard to beat.

"Papiers d'Identité"

Apropos of *baccara*, the casino authorities in France are now very strict about would-be members of *Cercles* producing *papiers d'identité* on seeking admission. Indeed, without such papers it is practically impossible to gain access to the gaming-rooms. Several people were turned away at the Dinard Casino last week as they could not comply with the law. The simplest thing to take with one is a passport, which is always useful in France whatever the tourist agencies and guide-books may say. I know a man who got into the rooms at Nice last winter with the half of a gun licence, but it would be safer to rely on a more official "paper" than that!

A Glorified Casino

The Dinard Club, which has been one of the features of the place for many a long year past, is shortly to be taken over by the municipality, who intend, apparently, to convert it into a sort of glorified Casino minus the gambling. There is to be a ladies' as well as a men's club, and all sorts of smart fêtes are to be given under municipal patronage. There will be many to regret the changing of the old club, but as it has never paid more than about 2 per cent. to its proprietors in all its long life, it is scarcely surprising that they should be willing to sell it. In its new dress it is quite likely to prove to Dinard what the Cercle Nautique is to Cannes. We shall see.

Answers to Queries

G. E. J. (BOULOGNE).—I have sent you the required information by post.

CAPTAIN L. T. (LYNMOUTH).—The Cottage Hotel should suit you.

L. F. (BRITTANY).—About 7-8 francs a day, all included.

THE TRAVELLER

"The Traveller" will always be glad to give unbiassed information on any matter relating to travel. Queries should be addressed to "The Traveller," c/o THE BYSTANDER, *Tallis House, Tallis Street, London, E.C. If a reply by post be required a stamp should be enclosed.*

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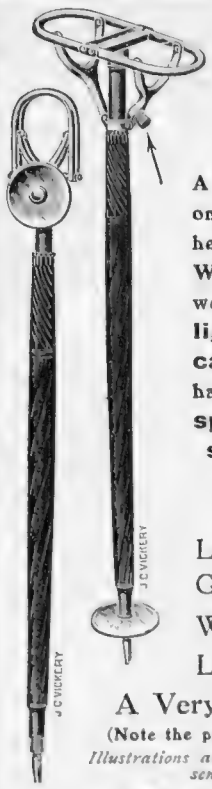

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Photograph *Sport and General*

LORD INVERCLYDE'S SHOOT AT COVE, DUMBARTONSHIRE: ON THE WAY TO THE BUTTS AFTER LUNCH

SHOOTING: Hosts and Keepers

Bad Temper

The temperament of a shooting host in the field has often much to do with the good or bad sport which follows. It also has much to do with the enjoyment of guests, as most of us shooting men well know. There are several kinds of hosts whose characters come out very strongly the moment they have a shooting-party, and sometimes these are an agreeable surprise, and sometimes the very reverse. A host can make even the poorest shoot agreeable to guests, owing to his cheery good-nature and unruffled good-nature, whereas a bad or short-tempered or fidgetty man somehow always seems to affect adversely the spirits of a party, even when sport is good. The short-tempered, and often hard-swearing man, is very often also horsey; he finds fault where there is little or none to find; he looks out for trouble, and seems to enjoy a row, and making guests and keepers uncomfortable. He is, in fact, a bully, and very often assumes this demeanour to hide his ignorance. Such men are hard to serve, and I do not think they get the best results.

Photograph *Sport and General*

"'WARE WIRE"

Lord Inverclyde climbing a wall with Lady Inverclyde (on the right), and the Hon. Emily Burns (in front), while walking to the butts

"Fussiness"

The fidgetty man is simply an intolerable nuisance, and though he means well, and is doubtless very keen, still he gets on other's nerves, and he often gets heartily "blessed" by his guests and servants for his pains. He cannot, however, help it, and nothing, I fear, will alter his nervy habit. He worries his guests off to bed when they want to sit up; he makes them get up in the morning long before there is any necessity; he makes one bolt one's breakfast in order not to keep the horses or motor waiting; and in the field he runs about and bothers the keeper with his ideas as to how beats should be done and guns placed, till everyone is wishing him at Halifax. And there is the ignorant man, who knows nothing about shooting, but thinks he does, and so won't condescend to learn. He insists on upsetting all his keeper's carefully thought-out plans for the day, and when, of course, disaster follows, he blames his keeper. There are plenty of these gentlemen about, and I may tell them at once, bluster will not, and never does, hide ignorance.

The Keepers

Then, on the other hand, there are keepers who can make or mar sport. There is the quiet, respectful man, who knows exactly what to do, and does it so well and quietly that a novice might suppose beating and "driving" to be the simplest and easiest things in the world, instead of a work of art. One never hears this man shouting to his under-keepers or beaters, but with a slight whistle or waive of his arm his men understand him, and the beaters move and dress like a company of soldiers advancing in extended order. These men make shooting a delight, and coupled with a quiet, non-interfering host, guests generally get the best sport. There is the noisy keeper whose voice is heard almost miles away, cursing the men, or bellowing orders in a fashion which must get every bird's head up. They wish to appear consequential, I presume, and so adopt this particularly noisy, swaggering attitude. These men are the *bêtes noires* of the shooting-field, and seldom show the best sport. There are one or two points which hosts should never allow, one is noise, either by keepers or beaters. Beaters will often get excited, especially if rabbits are afoot, as it somehow appears to send them crazy, and causes them to yell and scream like lunatics. To the ordinary beater a rabbit or hare is the only game worth shooting, and I am convinced they regard pheasant-shooting as unworthy of much notice. But give them a rabbit! and if one is not careful then the row commences. Another point which no host should allow is for any keeper or beater to smoke when shooting is going on. Let them smoke at lunch time, but the moment the order to move is given, "out pipes and cigarettes" must be the order. I am certain of this, the more a host quietly, but firmly, enforces these sort of rules the better it will be for the shoot.

LEONARD WILLOUGHBY

RACING: Ebor Prospects. By CARBINE

A St. Leger Outsider

Since my last notes appeared I have had an excellent account of Harry of Hereford. Do not be surprised if Lord Derby's colt makes a bold display in the St. Leger. True, his form does not amount to much; but it must be remembered that this brother to Swynford has been very backward all along, and is only just coming to maturity. I do not go so far at present as to assert that he will win the St. Leger; but Harry of Hereford appears to me to be quite the most likely of the long-priced outsiders. The breakdown of Shogun has robbed the last of the classic events of a lot of interest; and now Louvois appears to be more than ever a good thing.

The Big Handicap

This week's "hard nut to crack" will be the Ebor Handicap at York on Wednesday. Both of the top weights—Junior and Scots Saint—come strongly into the picture on their best form. The first is a special favourite of mine, and it will not amaze me to see him win under his substantial weight. I suppose Election must have a chance, seeing that he fairly ran away with the same race last year. My choice, however, is **At Last**, a charming mare, whose stamina is unquestionable, and she is nicely handicapped on her recent form.

Gimcrack Stakes

Who will have the honour of addressing the members of the Gimcrack Club at their annual dinner next December? As is well-known, the distinction of being the guest of the evening at that pleasant gathering arises out of the ownership of the winner of the Gimcrack Stakes, which will be run on Thursday. Mr. E. Hulton, of newspaper fame, has twice in succession won this race, and probably he could do so for a third time if he started Stornoway; but, at the moment of writing, it seems probable that the colt just named will go for another event at the meeting, leaving Siller to carry Mr. Hulton's colours in the Gimcrack. I shall be surprised if Colonel Hall Walker does not bring out a smart youngster for this event. My selection is **Glorvina**, and, in her absence, I should choose CORCYRA.

Other Selections

In regard to the other events of what promises to be a very enjoyable meeting, I recommend **Mountain Finch** for the Londesborough Welter of Wednesday. I shall certainly not look beyond **Dan Russel**—if he is brought out—for the Convivial Produce Stakes, on the same afternoon: his appearance depends entirely upon the state of the going. On Thursday the Harewood Handicap may be won by **Joyner's Selected**—probably Harmonicon. **Light Brigade** should pick up the Great Yorkshire Stakes, though he may have a doughty antagonist in Florist. At Eastwick, on Friday, the King may win the Home-Bred Plate with **La Marquise**. I recommend **Evening Pleasure** for the County Handicap on the following day.

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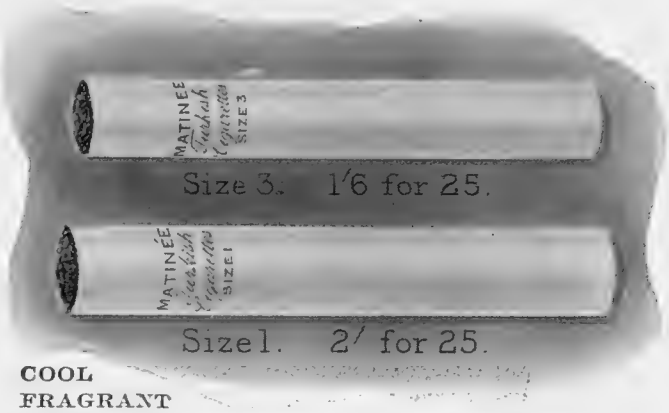

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Photograph *Topical*

AT THE AUTO-CYCLE UNION'S RELIABILITY TRIAL
H. Gibson riding a Bradbury Side-Car machine on Dent Hill

MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

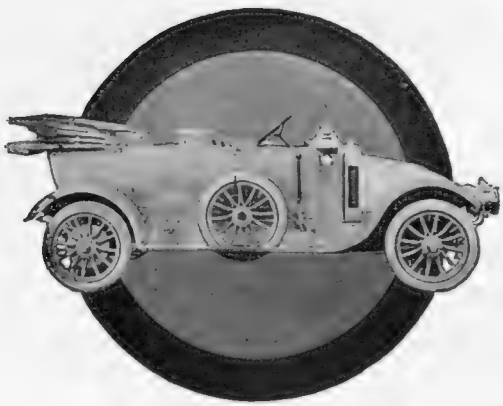
Against Speed for Speed's Sake

Great speeds prove nothing except that the machines achieving them are wonderful works of precision, enormously sturdy for their proportions, proportions which represent fine essays in the science of metallurgy applied to the needs of an internal combustion engine. Mr. Percy Lambert's two miles a minute on Lord Shrewsbury's 25 h.-p. Talbot meant these things in that particular vehicle, plus perfect carburation and perfect lubrication. But it also meant magnificent driving, having nothing to do with engineering efficiency, and was as remarkable a tribute to the extraordinary qualities of the Palmer tyres on the wheels as to anything else. The principal use of such speeds is to advertise the qualities of the other cars made by the same firm not as racing cars at all, but as speedy, durable, and efficient means of transport possessed of a high power reserve, even in the vehicles of lowest nominal horse-power, for those everlastingly recurring emergencies of the road. That is not to belittle the speed performance even when made on a chassis of standard parts, but to place it in proper perspective. No firm of automobile manufacturers could live upon the market for ultra-speedy machines. Moreover, speed for speed's sake has no purpose except as sport, and even then should not flirt too much with catastrophe.

Tabloid Efficiency

My idea was to test the speed performances of the Talbot as a fair advertisement of average Talbot qualities, and for the purpose I selected the vehicle of smallest power issuing from the Barlby Road Works. I took the "twelve" and ran it hard—harder at times than the law allows or the court would award me acquittal for if I chanced to figure in an accident. I hasten to add that I am of the cautious kind, and the times when the spark lever went forward and the accelerator pedal went down its full length were rare, and the road safe to the edge of eye stretch. And my summary of absolutely incidentless mileage writes the "twelve" down as the "twenty-five" which achieved world's records—in tabloid. In the realm of the best small cars of my knowledge it stands out. It has a remarkable speed, yet sacrifices nothing of its handiness, nor its traffic utility, nor its general qualities of service. It is a car for a man or a maid; and both would rejoice in its possession. It is comfortable enough for querulous old age. It would suit sober maturity to a hair, losing nothing by the fact that it has the power in reserve to respond to any youthful flash in the blood. And it will give the younger generation no small conceit of themselves, both in the matter of pace and appearance. It is a general utility

AN AUTOMOBILE-DE-LUXE
Near the beach at Deauville, where many splendid cars are to be seen during the season



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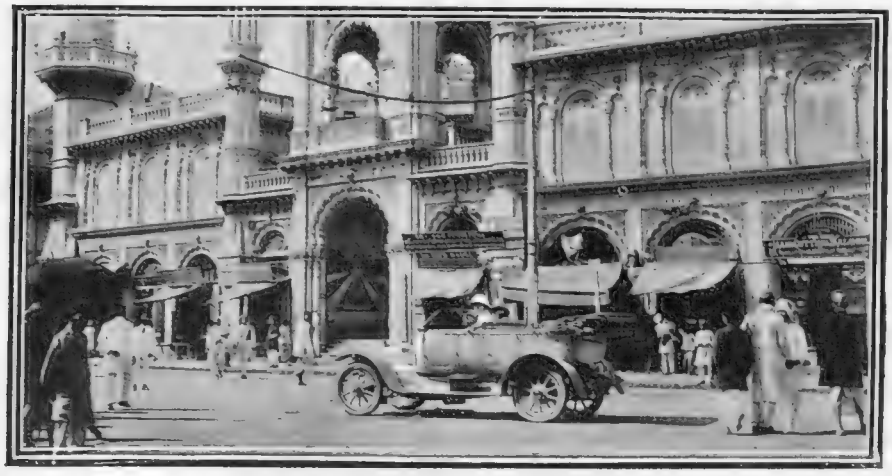
car of attractive parts, and the only trouble about it from the manufacturer's point of view is, that the man who bought it as a "tender" to a larger vehicle, or as a stepping-stone to more opulent things, may very easily decide, as I should decide, that, as it served every healthy purpose any car of larger power could serve, and did it more economically, there was no need to worry about anything else at all. High praise, I grant you, but if you doubt its justification test the Talbot "twelve" for yourself at the nearest agency. Thereafter I shall have your agreement. For the present I will bear your scepticism with the tolerance becoming knowledge.



A 12 H.P. TALBOT IN BOMBAY

Passing through one of the principal streets. The remarkably fine architecture of the Oriental bazaar is clearly shown in the picture

In Compression

The Phœnix shock-absorber claims to have disposed of that common feature of some shock-absorbers—car sway. On the description, the claim certainly seems to be made out. You have a double spring within the shock-absorber cylinders, the first of which is in constant use soaking up normal concussions, while for the tragic bumps there is a second sturdy spring in reserve opposing its resistance to the shock, and having done its work returning to a rest position ready to serve again at the first opportunity. At £4 5s per pair from Car Springs, Ltd., 19, Fairfield South, Kingston, London, S.W.—From Boots, the chemists, a tin of Kudos which is a liquid toilet soap specially devised for motorists, and out of which the famous firm should get more kudos—and much cash.—The new 18 h.-p. Rochet-Schneider car, it is reported, is the subject of much owner's eulogy on the score of its qualities of easy control, hill-climbing powers, and economic running. But, then, how could it be otherwise? Assuredly there isn't a better 18 to be had anywhere. —"More than satisfied with the 24-30 h.-p. six-cylinder Siddeley-Deasy. We are delighted with it," is the private owner verdict returning from an extended Lakeland trip with five up. And that's the only verdict finally that matters.

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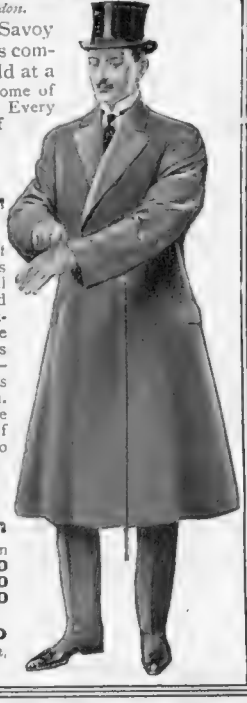

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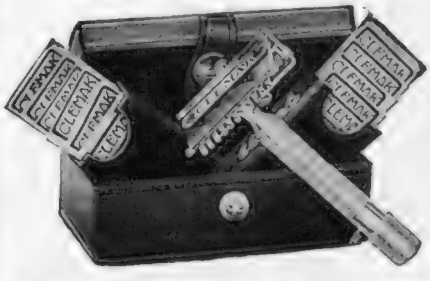

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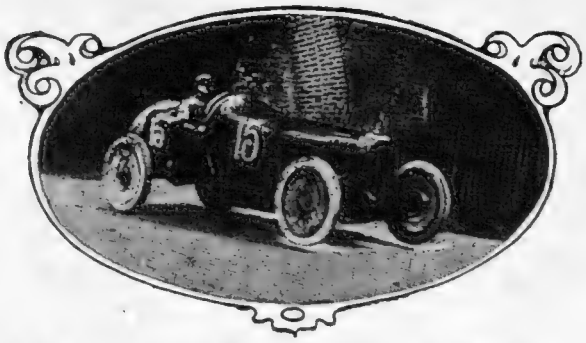

After the Grand Prix.

LORD MONTAGU, referring to the performance of the Sunbeam, says in "Car Illustrated":

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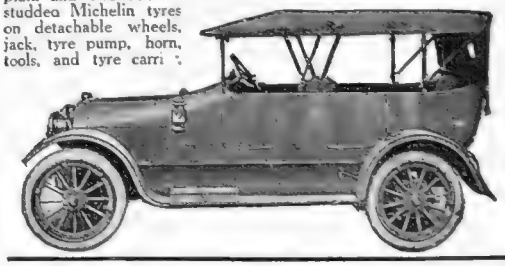

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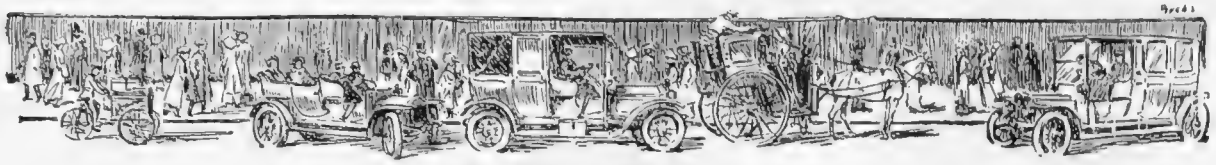

By MRS. JACK MAY

The Coming of Autumn

WITH the near advent of September every hour becomes more and more fraught with interest. Anyway, that is how it appears from my point of view, which by a piece of good fortune chances to be from a Continental vantage ground.

As the exodus from England becomes more general each successive year, the *magasins* at all such places as Ostend, Boulogne, Trouville, etc., begin quite early in the month to display autumn fashions in general, and tailor-mades in particular. And the allurements of these last are quickly dissipating the store of economical intentions I had laid up, for they are rich in temptations, with, as I prophesied, a big emphasis laid on waistcoats. There is one little suit that is especially attractive arranged in a *beige* heavy-weight covert coating, the otherwise perfectly plain skirt fitted with sloping little trouser pockets either side, and the square-cut semi-sacque coat, with its velvet collar, disclosing when the fronts are thrown back a *gilet* of *toile de joug*, a portion of the design being picked out in a wool embroidery.

Ribbed Ratine

La Mode has set the seal of her best approval on a ratine that is ribbed, and a coat and skirt built of this fabric will have no difficulty in carrying the conviction that it is of the very latest. Consequently it has been selected to express our pictured original model, and in a supremely effective brick-red shade. The colours, let me pause to interpolate, are distinctly sensational, and include many daringly vivid *nuances;* the gamut, however, fortunately embodying several pleasant neutral tints, of which the smoke-grey that is at the moment finding such favour for *tussore* tailor-mades is one.

IN RIBBED RATINE

Of brick-red, just now very fashionable, with facings of white ratine, the cuffs thrown up on a fold of black satin, while at the back of the coat falls a "capuchin" of satin

To return to the sketch. The facings are of white ratine, the cuffs thrown up on a fold of black satin, while at the back of the coat there falls a little *capuchin* of satin. Although only simulated, the waistcoat *ligne* is plainly evidenced in the white ratine, a novel feature of the skirt being the threaded sash of black satin forming at the back hanging loops and ends.

If you study the picture you will find a wealth of detail in the coat, but so cleverly subordinated to the general silhouette there is never a suggestion of anything heavy.

Tailor-Made Suits

Fashions in coats, however, are of the most elastic *genre*, and it is quite impossible, at the moment, to lay down any hard and fast line of demarcation. There are coats with cut-away fronts above and below the waist; coats that close right up to the throat, and coats arranged with a diagonal sweep across the front, the fastening occurring low down at the left-hand side. But with one and all there is to be observed the shadowing influence of the waistcoat; while, so far as we have gone, at present a decided inclination prevails to complete simple tailor-made suits with dainty *lingerie* touches of some sort or another.

There is every indication that the vogue for the contrasting coat and skirt is as yet only in its infancy, for, as the season advances, there can be no question as to its growing popularity. Skirts of flowered *crépon* are being allied to the dearest little coatees of old rose *charmeuse*, lined with flowered *ninon*, the incongruous note so adored of *La Mode* creeping in in the guise of a leather waistbelt and buttons. Just think of it! Leather buttons on

THE
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No. 508.—Vol. XXXIX. Wednesday, August 27, 1913 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

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COMPTON RECTORY, situate on the southern slope of the Hog's Back, in the midst of some of the most beautiful scenery in the county. The accommodation comprises: 2 halls, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, complete offices; stabling and farm buildings; the gardens and grounds are of great natural beauty, and include old walled kitchen garden, orchard, etc., in all about

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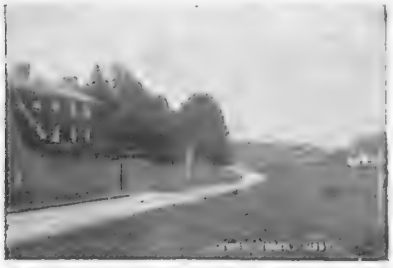

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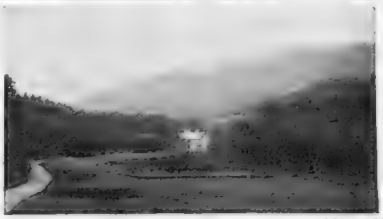
A genuine TUDOR HOUSE of moderate accommodation standing in about 7 acres.

MESSRS. F. L. MERCER AND CO., the agents who sold the Property, have in consequence an applicant in hand who wishes to purchase at once a similar place, only preferably with more land. The counties preferred are Essex, Sussex, Surrey or Kent, but other counties would be entertained if the house were very desirable. Owners of genuine old houses and who wish to sell are invited to at once communicate with the agents.

N.B.—The gentleman referred to above will inspect likely properties at once.



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BETWEEN CARNARVON AND HARLECH. "DOLFRIOG."

NEAR BEDDGELERT (in the finest wild mountain scenery in the country).—Picturesque old stone-built RESIDENCE, with stone-mullioned windows and gables. Perfect order and repair, full of old oak; sheltered position, 400ft. up: 9 good bedrooms, bathroom, 5 handsome reception rooms; capital stabling, motor garage; cottage, home farm; well-timbered park and valuable woodlands, in all about

160 OR 125 ACRES.

BOUNDED BY A TROUT STREAM.

MESSRS. F. L. MERCER AND CO. will OFFER the above exceptionally charming Property for SALE by AUCTION at The Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, London, E.C., on TUESDAY, SEPT. 16, 1913.—Illustrated particulars and plan of Messrs. COWARD and HAWKSLEY, SONS, and CHANCE, Solicitors, 30, Mincing Lane, E.C., or of the Auctioneers, as above.

A PERFECT KENTISH ESTATE, WHICH COULD NOT FAIL TO APPEAL TO THE TASTES OF THE MOST FASTIDIOUS.

AN IMPOSING AND BEAUTIFUL ELIZABETHAN-STYLE MANSION in perfect order: 2 large lounge halls, 3 handsome reception, full-sized billiard, 2 bath, 15 bedrooms.

NOTORIOUSLY BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS AND PARKLANDS OF 35 ACRES.

Excellent stabling, motor garage, 11 cottages; hot-water radiators, main water, acetylene gas. BARGAIN, £7,500, or would be Let on Lease at £375 per annum. Actual income from cottages, fruit and land, £174 2s. per annum.—Sole Agents, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

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KENT (midst lovely country between Ashford and Rye).—Lounge hall, 3 reception, bath, 8 bedrooms; in perfect order; beautiful old pleasure grounds; stabling; extensive massively constructed buildings; 4 cottages, and

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ONE HOUR FROM TOWN.—Lounge hall, 3 reception, bath, 6 bedrooms; full of oak; all modern improvements, in perfect order.

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1¼ HOURS FROM TOWN.

A PICTURESQUE OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE, FULL OF OLD OAK, including beams and beautifully carved mantelpieces, etc. Spacious lounge hall, 3 handsome reception rooms, bath, and 8 large bedrooms. BEAUTIFUL PLEASURE GROUNDS and excellent pastureland, 10 ACRES. Capital stabling for 6 horses, motor garage; Co.'s water; electric light; hunting, golf. Price, £4,000.—Box M 92, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

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COMPANY'S WATER. RADIATORS. SANDSTONE SOIL.
EXCELLENT STABLING. GARAGE. COTTAGE. PRETTY GROUNDS,

well timbered, tennis and other lawns, kitchen garden, orchard, paddock etc., in all about 5 acres. Home farm of 120 acres (at present let) might be taken over, but the shooting rights in any case are included with the property.—Box HS 41, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

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PRICES ACCORDING TO LENGTH OF SEAT.

23 in.	27 in.	30 in.	33 in.	36 in.
23/-	27/-	30/-	33/-	36/-

Packed Free

FREE Patterns and Illustrated Booklet.

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Complete Equipment. Magnificent Torpedo Body Five-Seater. All Lamps, Hood, Screen, Detachable Rims, Speedometer, Complete Tool Kit, &c.

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Prowodnik Climb Tyres

will make a great difference in the cost of your motoring. Their freedom from skidding will make it more enjoyable.

Being as near puncture-proof as possible, they save time.

Fit them now and make tyre trouble a thing of the past.

The Russian Tyre & Rubber Import Co., Ld.

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WHEREVER catering exists at the highest standard, Ross's Ginger Ale is included in the list. This "Champagne of Ginger Ales" is a fitting companion for the choicest dishes, the finest spirits and the best cigars.

ROSS'S Belfast Dry Ginger Ale

"Ross" blends splendidly with spirits.

"Ross" Soda Water is of similar excellence. Pure, sparkling, and so palatable as often to be enjoyed alone. Blends well with spirits—adds character.

W. A. ROSS & SONS, Ltd. (Sole Manufactory) **Belfast**

13/27 And at LONDON, GLASGOW and LIVERPOOL.

a soft satin *jacquette!* We shall be having lace *motifs* on our tweed shooting suits next!

Gowns of Flannel

I have noticed with infinite pleasure several exceedingly smart little frocks of white and striped flannel; or, perhaps, a more adequate idea of the fine quality employed will be given if I use the word delaine instead of the more legitimate flannel. These frocks are made in the simplest styles, the little Magyar bodices invariably finished by some picturesque *fichu* or collar and cuffs. For morning wear they are "just ducky," as our American friends would say, especially when completed by one of those charming soft white felt hats, banded with velvet the same colour as the stripe.

The Sash

If further evidence were needed of the startling successes of the sash this season it would inevitably be forthcoming in the elegant disposal shown in connection with my second sketch, which illustrates a fascinating evening gown carried out in a delicious shade of geranium-pink *charmeuse*, relieved by white *tulle* and lace and that most effective of black sashes. The materials now requisitioned for these evening confections are of such wondrous *souple* character that they fall almost naturally into the requisite folds and draperies, although, of course, it requires experienced handling for the initial arrangement, and the best successes are inevitably achieved by moulding the draperies on to the living figure—a procedure obviously adopted in the case of my original offering.

Having fully grasped the fact that geranium-pink satin forms the basis of operations, I would have you mentally picture the adorable effect that would be achieved by the partial veiling of one side of the skirt with a half-tunic of white *tulle*, hemmed with blister pearls, the *tulle* again brought into requisition for the upper part of the diaphanous corsage, the lower part resolving into lace points, one side upheld by a chain of blister pearl beads.

The *pièce de résistance*, of course, is the black satin sash, the *ceinture* carried low about the figure, a great soft bow finishing the back, while finally there comes an *imprévu* and most effective touch of colour contrast in a large dull purple rose.

THE ART OF THE SASH

In making an elegant evening-gown even more elegant. The gown drawn above is in geranium-pink "charmeuse," relieved by white "tulle" and lace, with the sash in black

The "Ceinture"

But *La Mode* is very much in favour of the unexpected at every turn, and never is it more obvious than in some of the *ceinture* disposals. With a white gown almost any expression is privileged, and falls in more or less harmoniously, but where the unlooked-for comes in is, say for example, with a Trianon-blue costume and belt of strong emerald-green, bordered, perhaps, with a line of dull pink; or, again, a green satin-swathed *ceinture* will be fastened by an unorthodox blue rose, or posy of mixed flowers. A great deal of licence is being exercised also in the fashioning of the *ceinture*; sometimes it is merely a narrow folded band, or else it will be carried high above the waist, while yet again it is to be seen draped low about the hips. But in some guise or another a distinctive waist fitment must most assuredly be largely reckoned with by all who follow closely the dictates of *La Mode*.

Topsy-Turveyism in Fashions

"Furs in the summer. Whoever heard of such a thing!" would have been the remark a year or so back, whereas in this year of grace 1913 ermine, mole, fox, and the like have become an accepted hot-weather vogue and these furs, let it be well understood, are by no means tentatively employed. I recall one example that struck me as particularly incongruous, and yet it was fascinating in the extreme. Its rôle in life was a mantle, that was carried out in filmy white-embroidered muslin over a foundation of Nattier-blue chiffon, a cape collar with stole ends of white fox fur concluding the story. Necklets of ermine are in considerable evidence, and fur and *ninon* used in conjunction fashion smart stole and muff sets, while finger depths of fur allied to vaporous materials immediately stamp an evening toilette as *le dernier cri*.

"SANITAS"

FOR

SANITATION

ENRICHED, cool, refreshing, and purified air is at once obtained by spraying dwelling rooms with

"SANITAS FLUID."

As the *Lancet* says: "There is no factor more favourable to the successful invasion of the human body by disease-producing organisms than when the air is rendered stale, warm, and musty."

"SANITAS FLUID"

makes good the shortage of oxygen, kills all disease germs, and gives the air an exquisite freshness. It is the best "first aid" and wash for Wounds and Sores, and takes first rank as a Mouth and Throat germicide, for which purposes it should be used regularly as a wash, and for gargling in cases of sore throat.

"SANITAS FLUID" is absolutely Non-poisonous, does not stain linen, and is incomparable as a wholesome preventive of infection. Added to the Bath Water, Wash Tub, Scrubbing Water, sprinkled over Sinks, Drains, Ash-bins, Yards, and Stables (before swilling), and used in every w.c., it secures easy, pleasant, and effective disinfection.

Sold in **6d.** *and* **1s. bottles,** *fitted with reversible corks for sprinkling, and at* **5s. per Gallon. Bellows Spray Producers,** *to fit the pint bottles, are supplied at* **2s. 6d. each.**

THE "SANITAS" CO., Ltd.

(Disinfectant Manufacturers by Appointment to H.M. The King),

LIMEHOUSE, LONDON, E.

N.B.—Sample and Literature free on application.

"Barri" Maternity Gowns

Royal Letters Patent.
(Unobtainable elsewhere.)

Especially designed to create proper balance for the figure through changing proportions, and is capable of the necessary expansion without removal of any fastening. Can be made without fitting.

Many designs for Day or Evening wear.

Prices from **6** *gns.*

Smart Tailor Suit of "Marron" brown whipcord. Collar of Oriental embroidery, finished with silk of a deeper tone.

Price **12** Gns.

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Messrs. S. SESSEL & CO., of 14, New Bond Street, London, W., will give highest possible prices for Old Gold, Silver, Diamonds, &c.; Cash sent per return of post. Our Representative will call on request.

Telephone, 2,762 Regent.

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PANAMA PEARL NECKLETS.

THE MOST WONDERFUL REPRODUCTION.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue

Mention this Journal.

Ladies are unanimous in their praise of the beauty and lustre of these unique reproductions of the real PEARL.

Address—

MACMICHAEL, 48, South Audley Street, Grosvenor Square, London W.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR PERMANENTLY DESTROYED IN 3 MINUTES.

I Will Send My Secret Free to any Lady who Asks for It.

As a child I suffered from an unwelcome growth of hair on my face and arms. My schoolmates laughed at me and said that when I grew up I would be known as the "Bearded Lady." Their prophecies were only too true. I was humiliated and distressed to an extent which can only be known by those who suffer as I suffered. I tried everything I could hear of, hoping to get rid of my superfluous hair. I used pastes, powders, creams, and other preparations, only to find that after each application the growth was worse than ever. For weeks I suffered untold agonies from the electric needle, but all without avail. I spent many pounds in vain, and had given up the search as hopeless, when I was led to make a number of investigations and experiments for myself, and finally, greatly to my joy and relief, I discovered a simple method which succeeded where all else had failed, and permanently destroyed my superfluous hair.

I will send full particulars free to enable any sufferer to achieve the same happy results privately and in their own home. All I ask is for two penny stamps for posting expenses.

Address: **KATHRYN B. FIRMIN,**
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Hair Wavers.

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Makes a Pure Beverage.

INVIGORATING. SUSTAINING.

Your Grocer sells it in sealed tins.

After Sea Bathing—
Rough Towellings,
Refractory Hair.
The Remedy—ANZORA.

After the morning dip use

ANZORA CREAM

"nice to use, not messy, nor greasy" says 'London Opinion' and keeps men's hair quite neat and tidy.

MASTERS THE HAIR.

Should be in every man's holiday kit. Keeps the careful partings and formation of the morning throughout the day.

Price 1/6 (2/6 double quantity), per bottle.

Of CHEMISTS, HAIRDRESSERS, STORES, &c.

The ANZORA CO.,
213K, High Road, Kilburn, N.W.

The Menu: Home-Made Bread and Rolls

NOTHING can be more delicious for afternoon tea than a dish of hot scones freshly baked and lightly buttered. A change of bread is always acceptable, and milk rolls which are quickly and easily made are very appetising for the breakfast table. A "Constant Reader" has asked for a recipe for the latter, which I include in my cookery article this week

Breakfast Rolls: No. I.

Sift ½ lb. of Vienna flour into a basin, add a pinch of salt, and mix it with 4 oz. of cornflour, then rub in 1½ oz. of butter. Next add a heaped-up teaspoonful of baking-powder and mix again, then stir in gradually one and a half gills of milk, and work quickly into a smooth dough. When sufficiently kneaded, divide the dough into even-sized portions, and shape them on a floured board into rolls. Place them on a greased and floured baking-tin, and bake in a well-heated oven for about twenty minutes. Brush over the rolls with milk a few minutes before they are finished baking.

Breakfast Rolls: No. 2.

Take 1 lb. of flour, rub well into it a piece of butter the size of a walnut. Add two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder and a pinch of salt. Beat up one egg and mix with a little warm milk into a nice dough, but not too moist. Make into little rolls and bake at once in a quick oven. This quantity will make one dozen rolls. They should be brushed over with a little yolk of egg.

Home-Made Bread

Sift 4 lbs. of household flour into a clean and dry basin, make a well in the centre of the flour, and put in two teaspoonfuls of salt, a teaspoonful of moist sugar, and ¾ oz. of compressed yeast, the latter being previously crumbled up fine. Mix half a pint of hot water with half a pint of cold milk, then commence mixing this, and gradually work in enough flour from the side to form a thin and smooth batter. Cover the basin with a cloth, and stand it in a warm place for about twenty minutes, until the bread has risen, which will be when the surface is covered with bubbles, work in the rest of the flour with the hand, and knead well for ten minutes; place it again in a warm place, and allow to stand for about forty-five minutes. Then take up the dough, put it on a floured board, shape into loaves or place into floured tins, prick the surface, and bake from one to one and a half hours, according to the size of the loaves.

Quickly Made Bread

Take 12 oz. of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, one and a half gills of milk. Sift the flour, baking-powder, and salt together. Stir in the milk, and mix quickly and smoothly to a stiff dough. Divide in four. Cut each piece into a large and a small one. Make each into a ball. Put a small piece on a larger one to form a cottage loaf. Place on a greased tin and bake in a quick oven for fifteen minutes. Brush over with egg or milk a few minutes before taking from the oven.

Hot Breakfast Cakes

One pint of milk, one egg beaten, teaspoonful of butter, a little salt, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, and flour enough to make a thick batter. Fry like pancakes.

Currant Scones

One pound of flour, 3 oz. of butter, two heaped teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, 1½ oz. of sugar, 1½ oz. of currants, sufficient milk beaten up with the egg to make a soft dough, so as to roll out. Use sultanas, if preferred. Brush over with egg before putting in the oven. Bake fifteen minutes.

EMILIA

Insist on
FREEZOMINT

The Original Crème de Menthe Cusenier.

THE
IDEAL SUMMER DRINK
Freezomint, crushed ice and soda water.

There is no beverage so cooling, so wholesomely stimulating, so deliciously refreshing, on hot summer days

Adopt
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—and share the gratifying experience of the thousands of happy mothers who to-day are thankfully singing the praises of
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A Sample and useful 90-page Handbook for Mothers, sent free on request. Address—Sample Dept.
MELLIN'S FOOD, Ltd., PECKHAM, LONDON, S.E.

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With Double Cylinder, Solid Ends and Rounded Edges Painted in Colours and Well Finished.
Delivered free at any Railway Station in Great Britain.
PRICES AND WEIGHTS AS FOLLOWS:—

SIZES.	WEIGHTS.	PRICES.
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These can be obtained through any respectable Ironmonger.
NEWTON, CHAMBERS & Co., Ltd.
Thorncliffe Ironworks, near SHEFFIELD. Estab. 1793.

Ghent

April 26—Nov. 15, 1913.

Come to Ghent this summer—visit the Universal and International Exhibition. See the famous city of flowers and historical monuments. Twenty-five Nations represented. Palace of Horticulture, Modern Village, Retrospective Exhibition of Railways, Congo Panorama and Museum, Palace of Fine Arts; a quarter of "Old Flanders"; Fields for Sport; International Regattas, Festivals, &c.

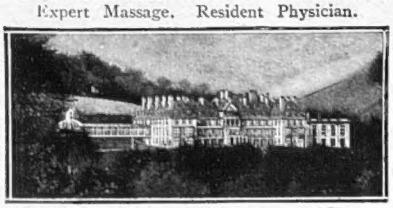
One hour from Ostend, Antwerp or Brussels.
Send a stamp to Reginald Harris, 132-134, Fleet St., London, E.C., for interesting free booklet.

Trial Bottle. 6d.

SEEGER'S SEEGEROL
FOR GREY HAIR.
Tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired. Permanent, washable. Contains no lead, mercury, sulphur. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Trial bottle 7d., large case 2/2 post free, secretly packed. Chemists, Stores, Hairdressers everywhere or direct. HINDES LTD., Finsbury, London.

PEEBLES HOTEL HYDRO

A PALATIAL KUR-HOTEL WITH the COMPLETE BATHS installation and ELECTRICAL TREATMENT OF A CONTINENTAL SPA. Under one Roof.
Expert Massage. Resident Physician.



Accommodation for 300 Guests. Every Home Comfort and Luxury. Spacious Ballroom. Orchestra, Lovely Scenery, Pure Bracing Air.
Delightful Grounds, Tennis, Croquet, Bowls.
GOLF.—18-HOLE COURSE.
Charming Excursions in the famous "WALTER SCOTT" Country. **MOTOR** Garage.
An Ideal Resort for HEALTH & PLEASURE
Send for Illustrated Tariff to—
W. A. THIEM, Manager.

"How I Took All My Wrinkles Out

TWENTY YEARS YOUNGER IN A SINGLE NIGHT."

AFTER PLASTERS, MASSAGE, CREAMS, LOTIONS, DRUGS, STEAMING POTS, MASKS, APPARATUS, BEAUTY SPECIALISTS AND ALL OTHER ADVERTISED METHODS, PROCESSES, PREPARATIONS AND APPLIANCES, HAD ABSOLUTELY FAILED. NO ONE UNDER SEVENTY NEED HAVE WRINKLES NOW.

Light lines disappeared in thirty minutes, deepest creases permanently vanished overnight. In three days the soft smooth complexion of early childhood was regained. Having been asked to justify her recent statement that "Wrinkles Before Seventy are a Crime." Eleanor Lawton, in an exclusive interview, at last agrees to reveal her secret.

BY ELEANOR LAWTON.

Years of trouble, worry, and ill-health had seared and seamed my face with deep, repulsive, and disfiguring wrinkles. My skin hung in loose, flaccid folds which not only marred my appearance, making me look nearly twice my real age, but I realised that they were constantly growing worse, and would greatly interfere with my success, because a woman's success in life, either socially or financially, depends to a very great extent upon her appearance. The plain, unattractive woman whose face bears a network of tell-tale lines, proclaiming that youth has long since departed, must, indeed, fight an unequal battle in competing with her younger and more attractive sisters.

Almost in desperation, therefore, I bought and tried various kinds of skin foods, and massaged my face with most constant regularity, hoping to regain my former youthful appearance. But the wrinkles simply would not go. On the contrary, they seemed to grow deeper, and my skin was stretched more than ever. Next I went to various beauty specialists, who assured me they could easily rid me of my wrinkles. I paid my money in each case and took the treatment. Sometimes I thought my face looked better, but after spending all the money I could afford for such treatments I found I still had my wrinkles. So I finally gave up in despair, and concluded I must carry them to my grave.

But one day a friend of mine made a suggestion that gave me a new idea. I immediately set to work making experiments and studying everything I could find on the subject. After several long months of almost numberless trials and discouragements I finally discovered a method by which, in a single night, I banished every trace of line or wrinkle from my face. In a short time I noticed that the skin was no longer so loose and thin that it would separate from tissue beneath when I pinched the skin between my fingers. On the contrary, the skin seemed to fit tightly again, feeling quite thick, and attached to tissue beneath like a young child's, so then I realised that it could not form sharp creases and wrinkle again, for it lay firm and perfectly smooth on a sustaining cushion of flesh. Since that day, many months ago, not a single wrinkle has ever returned. Facial expressions now simply cause my skin to form in soft, gently rounding curves, and I no longer have the least fear of wrinkles. In a single night, therefore, twenty years appeared to be taken from my age, and naturally I was delighted beyond expression.

I next offered my treatment to several of my intimate friends, who used it with surprising results, and as not a single one failed to succeed I have now decided to have 500 more ladies try it, with the understanding that if it proves entirely satisfactory—not otherwise—they will write me a confidential letter to that effect, and agree to recommend it to their friends. Then when the treatment is offered to the public I will have indisputable proof that it is practically infallible, and the method will also be well introduced by the recommendations of the ladies who receive it through accepting this introductory offer.

Mrs. K. Velnoweth, 7, King's Road, Paignton, wrote me: "My wrinkles were plentiful. They have quite disappeared now. I really feel and look years younger." Mrs. M. McVittie, Carlisle, writes: "The improvement is really wonderful. It does take the wrinkles out. . . . so I look years younger. . . . Makes it look like a child's." Mrs. H. Glynn, Bedford, writes: "Now you cannot see any trace of a wrinkle. My husband also says it is very wonderful." I have many other letters like these, and will gladly send copies to anyone interested. My method is nothing like anything ever before used for the purpose. It is an entirely new discovery of my own, based on a new principle, and it involves no loss of time, trouble, nor the slightest inconvenience. Also it can be used in the privacy of your own room without the knowledge of your most intimate friends. If interested in my discovery, please send me the following coupon to-day, and I will reply promptly under plain sealed cover. There is no charge for this, but if convenient you may send two penny stamps to cover posting expenses. You incur no obligation by writing me, and if you do not care to try the treatment after seeing just what it consists of, simply write me and I will forward postage for its return.

These two photographs, the second of which you may recognise, show more plainly than any words what a marvellous transformation any woman may now quickly bring about by means of the new discovery explained in this article.

WRINKLES
FREE COUPON.

Good This Week to "BYSTANDER" Readers Only.

Eleanor Lawton (Suite 345E)
197, Regent Street, London, W.

I send this coupon as evidence that I am entitled to accept your free introductory offer in regard to removing wrinkles.

Name .....

Address .....
"BYSTANDER"
Free Coupon No. 345E.

The Editor's Box

Royal Artillery Theatre, Woolwich

The current attraction here is *Hindle Wakes*, Mr. Stanley Houghton's strong play from the Playhouse.

Infants' Food

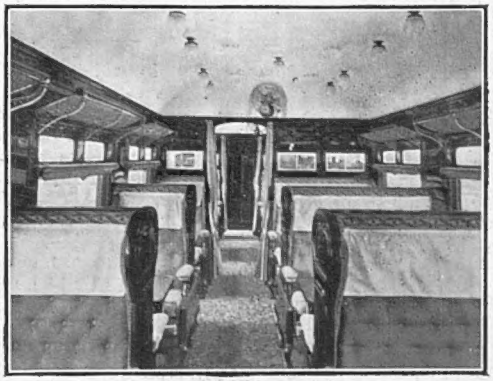
At the International Congress of Medicine recently held at the Albert Hall, which excited so much interest in medical circles, a gold medal was awarded to Savory and Moore, Chemists to the King, of New Bond Street, and proprietors of the well-known Infants' Food which bears their name.

The United Berkeley Club

Very soon many will be turning their thoughts towards the Riviera, and for those who like their game of auction bridge while away in the winter, it is interesting to note that the proprietors of the United Berkeley Club (247, Knightsbridge), one of the most prosperous and popular of these mixed bridge clubs, have taken an interest in the Anglo-American Club at Mentone, and that Mrs. Oakes will be the secretary and manage this charming social and bridge club this winter. The premises have been enlarged and redecorated, and will reopen in November. Lord Waleran is the President and Chairman of the Committee, on which are Mr. O'Hagan, Mr. Smith Ryland, and Mr. Hawley, besides other well-known residents.

Cheap Summer Excursions

The last of the cheap summer excursions inaugurated this year by the P.L.M. will leave London for Auvergne, Dauphiny, Savoy, Provence, and Corsica on August 30.



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Putters

It is an interesting fact and worthy of note that Mr. H. H. Hilton, who won the Amateur Championship this year, also Taylor, who won the Open Championship, and Mr. Edward Ray, runner-up, all used "Mills" putters. These putters have been used continuously by the leading players during the last twelve years, and were used by the winners of the Amateur and Open Championships in 1900, 1901, 1905, 1906, 1908, 1910, 1911, 1912, 1913. This is a unique record, and we think a sufficient indication that the clubs made by the Standard Golf Company, Sunderland, are all that they claim them to be.

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